

CAVALCADE

JANUARY, 1955

1'6

Reprint of the 1950s "Cavalcade" for
reproduction by post in a periodical



You don't dare
to miss this!

**IS YOUR SON
A GAOLBIRD?**

— page 79

MAN

hits
nail
on the
head!

Oh, well! But like that (that was only to get your attention.) Now, here's the nerve — Here's the way that nurse will hit the wall on the head as we other NARPS members live over doing nothing.

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MAN

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CAVALCADE

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HURRICANE



The Philippines
during World War
III. The Third Fleet
lost the lives
of 300 men and
destroyed three
destroyers and ten
ships.

LOUIS LAIDLAW

TO-DAY the United States spends great sums on its hurricane patrol—that fleet of planes based throughout the Pacific Ocean with the job of tracking the movement of the mighty storms that sweep around that part of the world on erratic and ruinous journeys, wrecking islands, small craft and bringing death to hundreds of millions.

Just why is the American Navy so interested, in peace time, in tracking hurricanes? It has plenty of reason and seems to believe in the old maxim that making a mistake once is forgivable, but to make the same mistake twice is intolerable. Whether the men responsible for the first mistake, back in 1944, were forgotten is not part of the story, but no one argues that it shouldn't happen again.

The drama unfolded when, in 1944, the Japs were on the run. America had tremendous naval concentrations in the Western Pacific, together with many British and Australian ships, driving the enemy back to Japan.

On December 15 the invasion of Mindoro in the Philippines started. The Third American Fleet was dogged from three days of constant bombardment of the Japanese defenses. The ships, 50 huge aircraft carriers, eight battleships, many cruisers and dozens of destroyers, retired to carry out refueling operations. Admiral Halsey decided to rendezvous the heavy-oil tankers and his ships at a point about 50 miles east of Luzon, confident in the knowledge that Japan's air power had been sufficiently crushed to allow the procedure to

be carried out in comparative safety. He little knew that there was another enemy lying in wait out over the horizon, to humble the Third Fleet in its hour of victory as surely as the Japs had hit Pearl Harbor.

On the night of December 16-17 there was a sense of foreboding about the fleet; a storm was coming, but from where and how had it would be no one knew.

December 17 was a Sunday and it dawned gray and oppressive. A short rolling sea made the carriers dip and the destroyers, light boats, bob and roll readily. Throughout the day the men made up and three times the rendezvous point was changed for minor want.

Eventually the big decision had to be made—the pressing needs of the men landed in the Philippines demanded that the navy get back there with full bellies as soon as possible. So refueling commenced, despite the almost intolerable state of the sea. Spread over hundreds of square miles of angry herring ocean the tankers struggled as close to the bargey ships as they dared. The destroyers needed the oil most; they had spent many days of high-speed steaming and many were well under their safe maximum. They tried to get the tricky oil lines shorter. But nature would have none of it. Line after line was snapped like string. Some destroyers got aboard a few hundred gallons before the pipelines snapped and spouted oil over their decks.

At this stage there was a wind force of 30 knots. The temperature was 82 degrees and the barometer reading 29.91. Visibility was down to five miles. There was clearly a bad storm developing.

In the afternoon the refueling operation was suspended and the fleet started in a direction that

would get them away from the supposed course of the storm. All hands at action stations, the destroyers in screening position and the ocean pouring. The barometer had dropped and the wind was a steady moon with the seas even more laden and formidable than earlier.

Throughout the night the sea grew more violent and aboard the small ships pain was thrown about, warheads came broken, crockery smashed; men, braced in their bunks, found sleep difficult. All that night the barometer continued to fall and flying squalls made the job of the captains and men on the bridges difficult. Keeping position in the fleet was at times impossible.

By dawn it was certain that the Third Fleet was going to get a pasting from a typhoon to beat all typhoons. The barometer showed no signs of stopping its mad descent and in desperation the fleet changed course from south-west to north. But it was too late and the screaming, terrible maelstrom was upon them.

During the morning watch reports came in from the destroyers. They were critically low on fuel and several had pumped out the salt water used as ballast in their fuel tanks. These ships were in a desperate position and their crews knew it. Hiding high and tight, the ships were top-heavy due to increased torpedo weight in the form of extra sea-sick pills and radar gear. Some of the ships were down to 10 per cent of their fuel capacity.

The typhoon which—4000 to 1000 hours—started violently with the wind screaming as few men had ever experienced. The sea became a boiling, heaving gray and white mass, with instant rain making

is difficult to make out where the sea ended and the flying cloud started. The ships were picking up great chains between the tremendous waves, covered by tons of water for what seemed to the men minutes before they finally threw it off and struggled to remain afloat. Again it was the small ships that felt the full force of the wind and sea. They were fighting for life as they fell into the frightening troughs and refused to answer their helms. Some of the fleet had entered the centre of the typhoon, a great swirling semi-circle of fury where the funnel of wind and the boiling ocean leap to a climax.

The destroyer "Dewey" reported its desperate plight. Bridge steering control had been lost and the radio system had been put out of commission by flying sand and sea water. Shortly after the escort carrier "Altamaha" mobile cranes on the hangar deck tore loose from its moorings and wrecked three aircraft before it was secured.

Still the wind grew in intensity and the barometer continued to drop at a rate no one had seen before.

On the carrier "Cowpens" there was real trouble. A 45-degree roll caused a plane to break loose and start a fire. Sailors struggled to control the blaze as a bomb-busting truck ran amok and smashed a belly tank of a fighter. Great green walls of water crashing on the ship ripped open the steel roller curtains on the port side of the hangar deck like tissue paper and tore away the forward anti-aircraft gun emplacement by its re-inforced steel roots. The ammunition (wind velocity measuring device) had one of its cups torn away but still registered 120 miles an hour. A great broadside of mountainous waves hit the carrier in quick

succession and after a nightmarish ten minutes the officers on the bridge saw that the motor whaleboat had been carried away; seven planes, a jeep and several tractors had disappeared into the sea. Finally the craft was put the fire out.

Later in the day the barometer on many ships recorded a fall 30 inches. The "Dewey" recorded what is perhaps the lowest reading ever made—27.34, and wind velocities of 125 miles an hour were common readings on ships near the storm centre.

The wind veered right around the compass during the afternoon and reached Force 17, well past the maximum of Force 12 of the old Beaufort scale, defined as a wind "that no man could withstand."

Aboard the ships life had become a frightening thing, with men injured and frightfully sick. No hot food was possible on the smaller craft and the craft themselves were threatening to fall apart. Growing plates and bulkheads added to the shrieking winds and human voices could not be heard above the tumultuous howling of the last days and nights that remained until below decks was chaos with tons of loose material sloughing about the decks with furniture smashed to matchwood.

Great waves—70 feet from trough to top—picked up the lighter destroyers, some of them now derelicts and tossed them wildly until over the sea-scape. All possible combinations of rudder and screws failed to control them in the troughs and they rolled until their masts dug into the next crashing wall of water.

On the escort carrier it was a scene of flame and burning metal, smashed planes and dead and dying men. On the light carrier "San Jacinto", a forty-two degree roll

set all the planes on one deck disintegrating and smashing from one end to the other, rupturing and twisting away all the air intakes and vast decks passing through the hangar. Spare engines rolled readily about leaving bulkheads and stems crushed from ruptured pipelines.

The "Altamaha", a 5,000-ton carrier, was planning the wave line a giant surfboard while the planes in her hold were wrecking her fire mounts and bulkheads.

On all the ships the story was the same, death, damage and inferno. The "Dewey" was nearly a dead ship, registering 33-degree rolls. She struggled through but she was luckier than her sister-ships, "Mogaghan" and "Spencer".

"Mogaghan", a veteran ship that had fought from Pearl Harbor to Leyte died fighting to the last. Without light or power and punished beyond endurance, she failed to rise from one devastating roll and went to the bottom with 12 officers and 225 men.

About the same time "Spencer" went, too, after drifting for hours a derelict. Only one officer survived—Lieutenant Alphonse Stephen Knechtman. He was sitting in the captain's cabin about noon talking to the ship's doctor when an awful roll flung him to the other side of the room. Crawling on hands and knees he fought through the waves gushing into the ship. He got off the ship with about 70 sailors but the "Spencer", 3,000 tons of steel with the power of 30,000 horses was gone. Destroyer "Thelf", an older ship, also disappeared in the hell that the Fleet had been engulfed in.

Soon after the typhoon passed on. The barometer rose slightly and in the late afternoon the winds had moderated to 100 miles an hour. Behind it the Fleet lay scattered over hundreds of miles of ocean,

broken and sick. Some destroyers began the heart-breaking job of appearing the coast for possible survivors of the lost ships. But most of them had enough to do looking after their own damage and injured.

In all, the great typhoon cost 760 dead or missing—306 from the "Thelf", about 224 from the "Mogaghan", 117 from the "Spencer", many dead or missing from other ships; 126 planes were blown overhead or damaged beyond repair. Thirty ships required major repairs and nearly all the others minor attention. Tactical plans for the strikes against Luzon had to be cancelled and the Third Fleet limped ashore into Ulithi Atoll.

At a solemn post-mortem a naval court of inquiry found that "large errors were made in predicting the location and path" of the hurricane. Admiral Nimitz pointed out that the damage done represented a more crippling blow to the Third Fleet than it might be expected to suffer in anything less than a major action.

So the American Navy has plenty of reason to fear and respect the Pacific hurricane. It is making sure with the Hurricane Patrol that it will never again be caught.

Another sea crippled the aircraft carrier.



QUEER QUIRKS OF FATE

BY HYS BRADSHAW

What is fate? Is it
significance? Was this
this or coincidence?



FATE is the greatest dictator of all time. The proverb is that she uses facts for her material. The most imaginative novelist, the most searching poet, the most original thinker, and the most ingenious weaver of history will find that fate has used and done it all before, much better, and, in fact, dreamed up things that none of them has ever before thought about. Fate is an all-powerful genius which does not show the line at any subject and maybe that's why fiction could never hope to be stronger than fact.

Take a look at a few of her inventions, like this one concerning Lord Chief Justice Holt of England, an adventure from the dusty records of the past that still finds its way into books listing examples of curious and amazing happenings.

Holt was a young man at the time. One day, to celebrate some decent good fortune, he gathered together a few of his lucky companions and they did the town, making every saloon a stopping-place. At the end of the day the young blades found themselves still as sprightly as ever, but down broke and finished.

Pondering for but a few minutes, Holt, with a shrug and nod, darted into a nearby inn, calling on his friends to follow him. As they sat down at the table Holt joyously remarked that they didn't look too sure of themselves. Whatever could be the matter? They asked him

whether he was doing this just as a dare, or had he the who-withal in his pocket all the time. Holt grinned mischievously, and told them to leave it to him.

"TU let the idea be born of the moment," was all the assurance he gave them.

Soon the party was eating and drinking merrily, seeming to forget their destination. The innkeeper was a silent, meekly man who didn't look as if he would shrink from the task of wiping the floor with all of them, on mass. As the meal finished, all eyes were on Holt. It was obvious that he was preparing himself to break the news and that his former self-confidence had weakened considerably. Finally, as the group squirmed with increasing discomfort under the suspicious stare of the innkeeper, Holt rose to his feet and began: "Sir—"

At that moment the innkeeper's daughter, a girl of 17 or 18, appeared in the doorway. Her face was chalky, and she was shivering violently. She walked a few steps and collapsed. The innkeeper ran to her. He did Holt's companions. Holt, his quick brain looking for an idea, slyly strolled across the room. The others were helping the girl to her feet. She was still shuddering as though in a fit. Recognizing her affliction for what it was, an ague, Holt suddenly saw the opportunity he had been waiting for.

"Sir," he said, "I am a physician. This child has caught a chill. It may be the precursor to fever. Quickly, a dish of warm water and some rum."

In a few moments the innkeeper returned. Holt sat the girl down before the roaring fire and told her to immerse her feet in the dish of water. He told her to up the rum. Then, taking a ring from his

finger and holding it aloft, he went through a mysterious ritual of incantation and gesture. At the conclusion of the weird ceremony, viewed by his friends with perplexity and by the innkeeper and daughter with goggling awe, Holt presented the ring to the girl.

"Wear this charm, this amulet, my dear, and your ague will disappear and never return again."

The girl immediately suspended the ring about her neck. Strangely enough, an fifteen minutes her paroxysm passed, and though the reason for it is anybody's guess, the effect on the innkeeper was overwhelming. His anxiety, his silence, even his forbidding demeanor, vanished, and friendliness and un-restrained goodwill took their place.

Holt insisted on paying him for the victim, but he wouldn't hear of it. He wanted to pay Holt for his ministrations, but Holt prevailed on him to reward the mother as fair exchange and leave it at that.

Outside the bogus doctor and his cronies laughed uproariously at the clever deception.

But Holt had not heard the last of it. Years later, when he was a wiser, grayer man, a surgery aid brought him brought before him accused of witchcraft. When questioned, the human wreck looked into the benign eyes of the Lord Chief Justice, and said: "I have a charm for the cure of witchcraft, and it never fails."

Holt, straining forward, found himself looking with shocked amazement at the amulet, the ring, he had given away in a profitable hoax so many years before; but, struck as he might, nowhere in that frowzy, pitiable counter-demonstration creature facing him could he find a vestige of the innkeeper's daughter.

Yet she it was—and the last person, incidentally, to be tried for the offence of witchcraft in England.

With Fanny Harrop fate played a strange turnabout not with the man but with the beast he looked at over—a camel.

Most camels are ungainly, brooding and temperamental animals. The one that Harrop drove in his work as an African oil-mill, seemed even more intelligent and vindictive than the rest of its kind. Harrop treated it with the harshness of hate. He beat it unmercifully. The same lay as much in Harrop's sour, early, cruel character as in the ingratitude of the camel, and probably one was a cap-wheel for the other.

Harrop knew camels. He knew that this one did not forgive and forget. It nursed its grievances. The injuries it had suffered at his hands formed a dangerous spreading cancer of resentment always seeking the chance to cure itself by exacting revenge.

Harrop saw that it never got that chance. He never made a mistake with it. Nothing could shake him from his vigilance.

One night the camel's intent was accidentally proved to him. Sleeping on the usual raised platform in the mill, while the camel rested stabled in a corner, Harrop thought he heard a strange cry and came awake suddenly. He listened, but there was no further sound. He looked at the camel, and saw that it was standing.

In the strong white moonlight he could see every movement it made. The head turned this way and that, in a furtive furtiveness, and then, as though satisfied that it was safe, the beast made steadily, self-focused advances towards a bundle of clothes hung carelessly on the ground.

From where he was even Harrop could see that they had the unpleasantly lifelike appearance of a sleeping figure. He waited. When the camel was beside the bundle it halted, looked cautiously about again, and then, with a savage snort, attacked its presumptive victim.

The violence of the assault terrified Harrop, even though he had often imagined what would have happened to him once the camel got the upper hand. Fortunately, it rolled over and back and forth on the bundle, scattering all its weight, and then, standing, severely tore the clothes to shreds with its teeth.

Then it quitted and remained for several moments in the one spot with an unmistakable air of deeply satisfied revenge.

But the strongest part of the queer drama was yet to be played.

As the camel started to return to its corner, Harrop raised himself on one elbow, and cried out in pain.

An instantaneous change came over the beast. It swelled completely around as though aware that it had really heard the hated sound of its taskmaster's voice. Harrop spoke again, and the camel saw him, and was shaken with guilty terror at the failure of its act and the discovery of its treachery. In a panic it rushed at the wall, using its head like a rammer, broke its neck, rebounded and collapsed and died immediately.

Many people thought that the real villain of the piece, the one who had it coming to him, was Harrop, not the camel—but that's just for you. Logic, expectation, inevitability mean nothing to fate. It's the quick that counts.

Even stranger perhaps is the story of the man's corpse at Fuhun, Sweden.

Early in the last century a number of workmen were ordered to drive a cross-cut between certain shafts in the Fuhun mine. To their horror they came across a corpse lying 800 feet below in a pool of water. The body, that of a young man, was perfectly preserved. There, in its underground home, it was so soft to the touch that the discoverers would have sworn the man just dead, but, as they brought it to the surface and air contact with the air, the corpse turned rapidly to putrid and became as hard as a stone statue which it greatly resembled.

From all over the district, and beyond, people came to view the body. Physicians said it was saturated with the value of the iron-mines and it was this which accounted for the remarkable state of preservation. There was even a large of colour in the cheeks.

But of all those who came nobody knew who the man was. Enquiries were made, records traced, but nobody in the neighbourhood could remember any circumstances attaching to the young man's disappearance, let alone recognize his identity. This was understandable. Men came and went at the mines of Fuhun. Mine accidents were frequent. Deaths and disappearances were common. Traditions were born and forgotten.

The whole matter was gaining in the notoriety. With no one knowing the dead man and with no identifying papers or marks on his body, it seemed that the young man would have to be buried as an unknown's grave. This always is unsatisfactory, but there was no alternative. The authorities decreed the burial as long as they could, hoping for identification, but finally the date was set for interment.

A day before the man was to

FATHER AND DAUGHTER

"That boy of yours is not so bright,

I saw him try to pick a fight;

I see I'll have to choose your friends.

"Less you or they will make enemies."

"Oh, Daddy, my dear, Bob's all right;

And really, Dad, he's very bright,

He must be, Dad, the way he talks.

To burn the candle at both ends.

MAT-HE.

be buried in a proper grave, an old grey-haired woman, bent and leaning on crutches, made her way through the throng of curious onlookers; looking on the dead face she wept and identified it as that of her husband who had been missing for fifty years. She was able to recall and describe the circumstances of the mining disaster in which he was lost.

The onlookers stood in awe and amazement at this terrible reminder: first at the man who had lain dead for half a century in the bowels of the earth and yet strikingly retained the bloom of youth; and then at the woman who, in living, had become a decayed and wasted old creature.

She could have been a grandmother at the side of her nearly-dead grandson. That would have looked right and natural. Instead, they were lovers. They were husband and wife. They were time and eternity.

Curtain Call

TALMAGE POWELL



One kind word from him would halt her deadly plan. And fearfully she waited for him to say it.

LETTIE LIFSCOMBER stood at the bay window and watched her husband bring his heavy motor convertible into the driveway. Roger scraped the bumper against the stone pillar beside the entrance, brushed the left side of the car against the hedge, and brought the convertible to a jack-rabbit stop. He rose angled in the general direction of the garage.

Lettie let the lace curtain fall from her fingers, and stepped back from the window. It was really too nice a car to receive such treatment. Wanting to please Roger, Lettie had paid almost ten thousand dollars for the convertible.

Roger gave her one glance as he brushed by her. She followed him into the dining room.

Lettie controlled an urge to fold her hands together spasmodically. She brought a smile to life on her lips and said, "Hello, darling. Have a nice time at the yacht club?"

He turned, saw her, swept her from head to toe with his gaze. "Always following me. Always after me."

"Na, really, Roger. I saw you come in. I—I thought perhaps you'd like to go out to dinner after tea, Lettie."

"Na, thanks," he said. She studied him for a moment, colour fading from her face. "If I feel you don't want to go out with me!" She bit her lip quickly, forced a laugh. "Of course I know better than that! Don't I, Roger? Don't I?"

There was, in her whole bearing, a deep and intense pleading as if she were almost begging. "Remember me, Roger. I need reassurance so very much!"

He slouched in a chair, setting bottle and glass on the table before him. His eyes were brooding, bitter. Lettie felt an upsurge of anger as he sat staring at her. He had no right to look at her like that! As if... As if she'd ever thrown her money up to him or made him feel in any way a kept man.

The anger died quickly, leaving a feeling of hollow sadness in its place. What she had or who she was had never made the slightest difference. All she'd ever wanted from Roger was to be loved.

"You are—my man—aren't you? You do love me, Roger?"

"Sometimes," he said heavily. "I can't stand the sight of you. Go look at yourself in the mirror."

Her face a nerveless splash of white, she stayed, waiting to the buffet and looking at herself in the mirror. What was really wrong with her? Nothing. She was neither really attractive nor unattractive.

She turned back to him, hands in the pockets of her dress skirt. "Roger," she said with given seriousness in her eyes. "I wish you hadn't said that to me. I do wish you hadn't."

"Truth?"

"It makes me feel alone, lost," she said, a faint shiver rippling over her, following her words. "It reminds me of some poor creature I heard Police Conway talking about yesterday afternoon."

She saw him start. She turned her back to him again, walked to the buffet, traced her finger along the edge of it. "I want to be the Wedgely for lunch. Police says so."

"Alone?" Roger said, a hoarse

note in his voice. "Was she alone?" "Why, no. Why do you ask that?"

"Thought she might have joined you."

"As a matter of fact, she didn't see me. Yesterday she wasn't seeking company. She had it already. She was with a very handsome man."

She heard the uncontrolled intake of Roger's breath. He got to his feet.

"I caught a glimpse of Police in the back her mirror," Lettie said. "She's beautiful, isn't she? A score running blonde I've never laid eyes on. I imagine a lot of men would lose their silly heads at a drop of her hair. The Frenchman she was with seemed to have lost his head."

"Frenchman?"

"I suppose he was. She called him Andre. You see, they came in and sat near me, but a petted palm was between us. I could hear almost every word they said." Lettie turned, leaning back against the buffet, her gaze on her husband's back. "Andre, she called him. Andre Vorlan. She used the last name once in making a little joke. And he called her Princess."

She saw Roger's back stiffen slightly at the nickname.

"It was amazing, their performance," Lettie went on. "They all but began kissing each other right there in the Wedgely. You've never heard such lovey-dovey talk. You could certainly tell that this Frenchman, tall, dark, strikingly handsome, was running a hard fever for her—and Police was giving him a few degrees hotter. Really, they needed a marriage license and honeymoon cottage."

"That's enough!" Roger said in a thick voice. Her shoulders, Lettie saw, were shaking. His hands were

climbed at his sides "Enough of your lying camp!"

"All right, Roger," Lettie said mildly.

"Ask anyone who was in the Wedgley yesterday. The waiter had to clear his throat three times when he came for their order to break up their moaning. But that wasn't the ghastly part. Not yet. Not at all."

Lettie stopped speaking and moved toward the doorway.

"Lettie! It was almost a shout. Roger had turned to face her. Felice scowled and throbbed on his temples. "The ghastly part, Lettie," he heard in a whisper. "What was the ghastly part?"

"Oh, an affair Felice has been

carrying on. With some married man. She said he was positively insane about her—and such a comfortable feel and complete man. She never mentioned his name, just identified him as Pet Stuff and Baldy and the Puffed-up Sucker. She and Andre had quite a few laughs about poor Baldy. Seems Baldy thinks he cuts quite a figure on the tennis court and at the beach. Actually, Felice said, he was ridiculous, sitting ten years below his age, churning around the tennis court with his growing belly jiggling, shoving off his knees when they were, only to flop up the beach and gasp like a sick walrus when he came out of the water.



"I don't do the running or the moping, but I'll be glad to hold you while you do."

"Andre obviously told Felice that Pet Boy was going to see through her someday, but she assured Andre that Baldy was such a comical and stupid fool that he always believed she was laughing with him, not at him. She would take care to keep Baldy on the string until he was worth no more to her and Andre as a meal ticket. Poor Baldy. It seems, in paying for all of the fun and high living Felice and Andre are enjoying, Andre—half jokingly, and yet one knows he was deadly serious—mocked Felice with the threat that he'd walk out on her if she let their meal ticket slip away. Felice made a faint cry in her throat and said, 'Darling, darling, if you ever leave me, I'll die. I can stand the touch of his hands, his empty jokes, his bawling laughter, only as long as I know you'll come to wipe the detestable memory of him away.'

"Then she warned Andre that Baldy might be meeting the end of his resources. It seems Baldy's wife has the money tied up somehow, and he has to be and cheat to get enough money to keep Felice satisfied. Darling? That's rather like us, isn't it? About the money, I mean. We each take an allowance out of the estate. Is yours—" Lettie's smile scolded empty, foolish to her own ears—"enough to keep up an expensive toy on the side? Oh, but what am I saying? We were talking about Felice and Andre, weren't we? Yes, and Andre seemed to worry a moment and then decided he should perhaps be waiting for another Baldy, a second—or perhaps it's the tenth or twentieth—Puffed-up Sucker for use when the present Baldy finally was no good for any more money. Andre said, 'He'll surely come to you, want to marry you when he can't afford you any

longer.' And Felice said, 'That of course, and then I'll at last be able to tell him how I despise him.'

"Think of the real horror of it all, Roger! Roger . . . where are you going?"

He didn't answer. She wondered if he even saw or heard her. She listened as his footsteps mounted the stairs with its wrought iron rail. A door slammed the same back downstairs. He left the house. She ceased to the window and wished him start the car.

Lettie moved slowly to the living room, picked up the phone, and dialed a number. "Mr. Andre Touraine? This is Mrs. Lipscombe. I'm putting a cheque in the mail for you today, and you'll find I've added a small bonus. No, I won't need you any longer. The size of the cheque will show my thanks—and what a fine job you did. Tell your agent, for me, that when I come searching for an unemployed actor for a special kind of performance, I really didn't expect to find one so very competent. Good-bye."

In the large front bedroom upstairs, Lettie opened a drawer and pulled out the pack, scented, indifferent little note that Roger had drunkenly forgotten to destroy and that had caused Lettie to take an interest in Felice in the first place. Slowly, Lettie tore the note to shreds.

She walked to the bedside table and opened the drawer Roger had always kept the shiny revolver here since the bumper scare two years ago. The revolver was gone now.

Lettie slid the drawer gently closed.

"Good-bye, Felice," said Lettie in a quietly sad voice. "Good-bye, Roger—Baldy. . . ."

Crime Capsules

BEACH FARMER

The Wimberly-Norton dead was the longest and most bitter of Wyoming's range wars. By 1888 there were only Jake Wimberly and Fred Norton left of the two families. One day a grass fire broke out in the Wimberly property and Jake was trapped in the flames at the backhouse. Fred raced up on his horse and dived straight into the fire. He pulled out his enemy, but said "I'm only saving you for my own battle." He meant it. Two days later Jake was embraced by Fred and shot dead.

REASONS AND EXCUSES

In Knoxville, Tennessee, a man explained that he couldn't report to a probation officer because his children had cut up his probation papers into paper dolls. In Chicago a man, charged with stealing a policeman's wallet, explained to the court: "I was sleepy and my hand just kept moving toward his pocket." But a woman in Spokane, Washington, gave one of the most fantastic excuses on record. Arrested for speeding, she told the court "The wind blew so hard it made me go faster than I really wanted to."

ALIBI

A youth was arrested at Alpena, Michigan and charged with setting fire to his home, which

was in that town. His alibi was a good one. He said he could not possibly have done it because he was away in Detroit that day, smoking a gun. Like the house that was burned, he went up.

ESCAPES

After the 18th escape in one year from the State Prison Farm near Salt Lake City, inmates erected a signpost on the adjacent highway. It read: "Drive Slowly—Penitents Escaping". They must get along in New Jersey. One convict escaped from a prison farm there and when captured he was asked why he escaped. He told police, "I couldn't stand the mosquitoes." A prisoner at Hinton, West Virginia, struck the right note. He escaped by passing a bar from the good window with a tennis string.

COP TRICK

A man was arrested in Chicago a couple of years ago for turning on false alarms for the police. He had a reason for his deeds. He said: "Whenever I drink a lot of beer, I get the urge to see cops work." Another man was arrested in Richmond, Virginia and charged with being drunk. He told the judge that he wanted to be arrested because the prison had a good laundry service and he wanted to be sprayed up. He was given ten days.

SWEET SIXTEEN BEAUTY QUEEN

Oh Lee of California is just 16, yet she has won more than a dozen trophies in beauty contests—against open competition. Looking at her here you can understand why.





Left: When just 14, Lita had neither aunt suggested that she enter a beauty contest. When Lita feverishly declared, the aunt promised her a new bathing suit and a pair of high-heeled shoes if she would change her mind. She accepted and she was the contest. Well known now, she receives loads of all flowers of the shop.



Right: Although a heavy queen she has become accustomed to the staring eyes of the public, she remains composed and is passing by her space. But what we tell you that her rival starlets are 10, 20, 30, and that Miss Lee is much older on night 37, smiling right ahead, you are understanding her position.

Left: Everybody keeps scripp-ling. Perhaps your neighborhood contains pictures of movie stars, or sports heroes. But Lita's scripp-ling is placed behind photos and news items about herself. Maybe this is not the only one who keeps a scripp-ling about Lita Lee.





"I worship the ground he discovered oil on!"

TAKING THE FEAR OUT OF

Dentistry

TAMARA ANDREEVA



There is no pain during or after dental operations when hypnosis is used.

SOME day you may go to sleep

in a dentist's chair as pleasantly as if you were snoozing under a tree on a hot summer day. Your feeling will be just as relaxed and just as far from all the grim paraphernalia usually associated with the dental chair. Furthermore, while your dentist works on you, you will feel no discomfort and pain. You may be daydreaming about your last date, a movie you have just seen, or just fall into a dreamless, pleasant sleep. All this is now possible through the application of hypnosis to medicine, and specifically to dentistry.

The general public's knowledge of hypnosis is based mostly on old vaudeville tricks or on stories like those about Svengali, where an evil person presumably could gain control over his hapless hypnotized victim. Nothing can be farther from the facts about hypnosis and its current applications to medicine says Dr. Lawrence Harris, formerly of New Jersey, now of California, who uses hypnosis daily to allay the fears and reduce the suffering of his dental patients. The use of hypnosis in modern dentistry is known as hypnodentistry.

"The way some people have of

dentistry, dentists, and the dental chair," Dr. Harris says. "In photos. Sometimes it is so tremendous that even anesthetic drugs have little effect. It is this type of patient who needs and responds readily to the soothing effects of hypnosis. While in hypnotic state, my patients are fully aware of what is going on. I talk to them and they talk to me. Nothing is ever done, or CAN be done against their will. Hypnosis only works if there is the patient's full and willing co-operation. Should one attempt to do anything that can in any way harm the subject or hurt their feeling of right and wrong, they would instantly and automatically wake up."

After an introductory interview at which the patient is usually nervous, meaning a hand-scratched or a pair of gloves, Dr. Harris has a heart to heart talk with him. He explains how his application of hypnosis works. He assures the patient that no pain will be inflicted on him, that no work will be started until he can feel no pain.

When that happy state has been achieved, there may or may not be need for anesthesia. In some instances the threshold of pain is lifted so high, no drug of any kind is necessary. In other instances, a mild injection is administered, and the patient having the fear of the needle is not jarred. He feels relaxed, he feels nothing.

The hypnotizing itself is accomplished in a most unusual manner. Dr. Harris has proved that the old Sigmund method with a medicine standing over the person making mysterious passes is gone forever. Dr. Harris is not in the room while the patient is being hypnotized. "The patient does it himself by listening to a recording of mine in which all I do is help him relax," he says.

The recording includes several test cases on which the doctor comes in to check how deeply the subject is hypnotized. When the subject reaches the desired depths of hypnosis, the dental work is begun. Before it is finished, Dr. Harris gives the subject several suggestions, such as the feeling of well-being and happiness, and not remembering anything unpleasant about his experience.

When the patient wakes, that is precisely what does happen: he is happy, buoyant, and remembers nothing disagreeable about his dental experience.

"Not only does he feel no pain and no ugly postoperative effects," Dr. Harris says, "but in many cases his entire attitude toward dentistry has changed. He no longer fears it, or looks upon a dentist as an enemy. He realizes that the dentist is his friend, trying to help him. People who have never worn dental plates, and who would normally have a hard time getting adjusted to them, walk right into the wearing of them like veterans, without any trouble."

"Many profit so much from the hypnotic session," he says, "that they want, and do, learn to hypnotize themselves, which helps them to get relaxation when life's daily pressures get to be too much."

"They soon overcome their fear of not waking up. Even the hypnotist taking to wake them, they would wake up by themselves. 'The trouble is to keep them asleep, not in getting them to awake,'" says Dr. Harris.

Only people of normal intelligence who are co-operative can be hypnotized. Morose, or those who fight the experience cannot be. "All hypnotic is," Dr. Harris says, "is the narrowing down of concentration. Only a few can stand in the

way of achieving the concentration."

The basis of hypnosis is REPETITION. Every intelligent person is suggestible, and when the suggestion is repeated persistently, it becomes compelling. To increase suggestibility, suggestion is used. Dr. Harris' own recording goes like this:

"Now you feel comfortable and relaxed . . . in spirit and in body . . ."

Your every thought will be directed to the happy conclusion of part . . . relaxation . . . Take a deep breath. Deeper. Deeper. Count one . . . two . . . three . . . four . . . five. Part your lips and expel all the air possible from your lungs . . . Relax deeply . . . deeply . . . deeply . . . Let go. Now breathe normally. Repeat: relax . . . relax . . . relax . . . relax . . . Take a deep breath while I count in five again: ONE TWO, THREE, FOUR FIVE RELAX, RELAX, RELAX, RELAX, RELAX, RELAX, RELAX, RELAX.

"Close your eyes. Squeeze the eyelids together and hold them while I count to five. One, two, three, four, five. Relax your eyes and lips. Let the air out through your relaxed lips and say to yourself: relax, relax, relax, relax, relax. . . . Please answer all questions by nodding, but without speaking. Do you feel comfortable? Do you feel relaxed? Are you more relaxed now? Good. Relax now in peaceful darkness."

"Just relax, over and over, every muscle now . . . Keep your eyes closed . . . keep them closed . . . Look at the spot above your forehead known as the Brahmanas Chakra . . . Keep looking up . . . Your eyes are relaxed. Your cheeks are relaxed. Your lips are relaxed. Your chin is relaxed."

"Wet your lips with your tongue. Now you are nicely relaxed and we

Johnny had been vaccinated and the doctor put a bandage over the spot Johnny objected—the wrist of the bandage on the other arm. "But, Johnny," said the doctor. "The bandage should be on this arm so that the bugs at school won't hit it." Johnny looked at him. "Put it on the other arm, doc," he said. "You don't know those kids."

have counted to five. I will count again up to five and you will start to relax all over. Four body and you will not want to open your eyes. Your eyes are closed and you are looking at the relaxation center above your forehead. You do not want to open your eyes. You are relaxed. Just let all the outside tension out of your body. Now you cannot open your eyes. Just keep them closed and relaxed. They want to stay closed.

"Keep them closed until I ask you to open them. Relax deeply. Let yourself just drift. Drively and relaxed . . . Drively and relaxed . . . Drively and relaxed . . . Drively and relaxed. Sooner relaxed . . . Relax more and more . . . deeper and deeper. Perhaps even deeper and deeper . . . Just rest quietly in darkness . . . peaceful darkness . . . It feels so good . . . so good calm . . . so peaceful . . . with every breath you take you can relax more and more freely. Be calm . . . so confident . . . You will remember this entire procedure as a pleasant experience."

"Start relaxing muscles on top of your head . . . on your temples . . . your cheeks . . . relax every muscle in your body. It feels so good to relax your whole body. Be calm . . . Count with me backwards, from ten to zero ten . . . nine . . . eight . . . seven . . . six . . . five . . . four . . . three . . . two . . . one . . . zero . . . drifting down into a pleasant relaxed feeling."

At this point Dr. Harris gives the patient whatever suggestions are necessary for his willing during the dental work to proceed. "First relaxed . . . every muscle . . . Next easily, gently, trustingly . . . now relaxed . . . so tired . . . and relaxed . . . Third and deeply relaxed. Keep close attention on every suggestion I give you and as you rest there, calm and relaxed, your mind is awake. It can concentrate on every

suggestion I give you. Just relax.

"All these suggestions are for your mind. You will pay no attention to other sounds. Your eyes are closed and will stay closed until I tell you to open them. You are to listen closely to every word that I speak. You feel so relaxed so at ease. And after this if you should wish to relax, all you will have to do is remember how easy pleasant it was to be helped like this. Every suggestion is for your own good. You will like them, you will approve of them and of relaxing. I will count to three, and at the count of three you will be awake, pleasantly refreshed, rested, and feeling good all over your body. Three—open your eyes, and feel wonderful, just as if you have had the most pleasant experience of your life!"

VENGEANCE in the SKY

PETER HARGRAVES



Murder of a pilot while at the controls of an airplane plans not a posed for the police. What was the motive?

AT ABOUT SUNSET on the afternoon of February 14, 1933, the inhabitants of San Benito, Texas, noticed a peculiar two-engine bi-plane behaving peculiarly as it circled an emergency flying field on the outskirts of the town. It was rolling and weaving like a drunken sailor. One of the occupants, in the rear seat, was fighting with the controls and trying to straighten out to make a landing.

A few moments before, murder had been committed in the plane. The man in the rear cockpit produced a gun. His gun was trained at the back of the pilot's head. It exploded with a roar that was unheard through the noise of the engine.

The gunman tried to take over the plane on the dual controls. Then he found that he could not see. He

was enveloped in a swirling red mist. Not for a few seconds did he realize that his goggles were filling with blood from the wound in the pilot's head.

Frantically the rear alman tried to brush the mist of blood from his goggles with one hand, while he tried to steady the plane with the other.

It was too late. The shot pilot was reaching a massive vengeance as his blood sent the blinded killer crashing to the ground.

The earth was rushing up to the plane. It overrode the flying field and dived towards a ploughed paddock on the far side.

A car had sped on to the field below. A man leaped out suitcase in hand. He looked up at the doomed plane. He saw the wide stain of red which sprayed down



on side. Knowing the report of that wrecker of corpses, he jumping aboard the car and shot it back the way he came. He had not gone 20 yards when there was a crash as the plane dove into the ground. Battered over the wheel of the car, the man did not look around.

A few minutes later, the phone rang at San Benito Police Headquarters. The Chief of Police, J. H. Goshoby, answered. An excited attendant from the airport babbled out the details of the crash. "There are two dead men, chief," he gasped excitedly. "And it's murder. You had better get here quick."

When Goshoby's car arrived at the airfield, he found a crowd on the field. The pilot had managed to extricate some control and make a "parachute" landing, wrecking the undercarriage and damaging one wing.

The official pilot's goggles and helmet were removed, and it was seen he was a plump-faced, stocky, dark-haired man of about 30. The body of the second occupant was lying on the ground, a dozen feet away.

He had been instant in the landing and had jumped out of the plane immediately. He saw flames running towards him. The whole scheme for which he had killed collapsed. He put the gun to the side of his face and pulled the trigger. He died almost immediately.

Pilot Chief Goshoby poked up the lid he had used from beside the body. He pulled off the man's goggles and revealed the face of a handsome, intelligent-looking young fellow of about 21. In the dead man's clamped left hand was a long, heart-shaped golden locket. It was devoid of any inscription.

From the car of the flying field, Chief Goshoby learned that the plane had made an earlier land-

ing shortly before the perpetration of the murder in the shape it had landed on the emergency field and both men had stepped out. They had seemed surprised to find someone else in the vicinity.

The pilot—the man now murdered—had been asked to fill in the usual official form for an airport landing. He had signed himself Leharan Nelson, of the large airport of Huntington, six miles away.

After a couple of minutes on the field, both men had climbed back on the plane and taken off again. They seemed to head back to Huntington.

The caretaker had watched the plane take off in mid-air. About the same time a car arrived at the field. The caretaker, in attendance on the mysterious plane, had taken little notice of it. However, he had noticed that the occupant alighted. In the excitement of the plane crash, he had not seen the car speed away again.

The police were perplexed by the inexplicable affair. The emergency flying field was little used. The caretaker was not there continuously. They could only think that perhaps the gun in the plane had intended to steal petrol from a small storehouse on the field.

Chief Goshoby questioned the caretaker as to the relations between the two men. Although one was to consider the other within a few minutes, they had seemed quite friendly when they landed.

The police went through the pockets of both men for some kind of a clue. The pilot, Leharan Nelson, carried the necessary identification papers, all in order. There was nothing on the younger man, however, to identify him.

All that was found in his pockets was a small square of paper, mostly faded. It proved to be a home-

made, well-drawn map. It showed in good detail the Texas coastline near San Benito and the Mexican coast to the south, around to the great inland peninsula of Yucatan. There were compass bearings and careful calculations of distances for a long and dangerous five-hour flight right across the Gulf of Mexico to Campeche in Yucatan.

Goshoby set off to Huntington to see what he could learn at the airport there.

At Huntington Airport, a group of excited pilots and officials were gathered before one of the hangars. News of the mysterious double-death had been telephoned to them from San Benito.

No one knew why the plane had landed on the emergency field. The pilot, Leharan Nelson, was a commercial aviator who gave flying lessons as a sideline. He was honest and dependable. The plane was the property of another instructor, William Williams.

The general view at the airport was that Williams had been called away on business. He had deputized Pilot Nelson to give the lesson, using his plane. No one knew the identity of the supposed pupil. Few had seen Nelson taking off with him.

From the officials the police learned that an attempt had been made to steal the same plane late at night a week before. A guard had heard the door of its hangar wide open. An entry had been forced. Bill Williams's plane had been pushed towards the door, but a wing became wedged between an iron stanchion and the hangar wall. Fearful of discovery, the intruders had left it and fled.

The guard heard voices across the dunes. He ran towards the sound. The voices became clearer. He thought he could distinguish the

tones of a woman. He saw a car through the gloom. Before he could grasp it, the engine roared to life and it sped away towards Harlingen.

Pilot Chief Goshoby decided that the best starting point for the investigation was Pilot Bill Williams. He must know the identity of the mysterious pupil, the second pilot who had callously slain his instructor, Leharan Nelson.

Williams was not at the airport. Neither was he at his home address. Worried about his plane, Williams had rushed to the scene of the crash as soon as he heard news of it. Williams was ordered to stay in San Benito to wait for Goshoby.

Shaken by the tragic affair, Williams revealed that the pupil pilot was a young man, named Eric Mc-

He substituted for another and was killed.



Call of a prominent social family. Williams was upset that McColl—an old and trusted friend—had doubtless intended to kill him that afternoon. Only urgent business prevented him taking the youth up for his lesson. As a result, another friend, Lehman Nelson, whom he had asked to take his place, now lay dead.

The police explained to Williams how the evidence showed that McColl had premeditated the crime as part of a plot to get possession of the plane to fly to Yucatan.

The pilot knew nothing of any such scheme. He doubted whether McColl had connections with some criminal gang for planned smugg-

ling operations, as the police were inclined to believe.

Covishly asked Williams about the attempted stealing of his plane from the hangar. The pilot was able to offer a clue to the culprit. Three days before he had been stopped on the street by another young man—about Sam Benito and warned that a second attempt would be made to get his plane. The pilot now realized that the youth who spoke to him was a friend of Erin McColl. Apparently he did not approve of the scheme and wanted to circumvent it to prevent trouble.

Police interviewed the youth. He supplied them with the name and address of a young teen-age blonde.

She was known as McColl's girl-friend and he suspected she knew something of the plane-stealing plan.

The police remembered the golden locket in the corpse's hand and the girl's voice in the thieves' car on the airfield. They went to her address and found she came from a prominent, respectable family, which was horrified at the revelations of her costumed junketings with the wild, adventure-crazy Erin McColl.

At San Benito Police Headquarters, the girl was questioned. She insisted that she did not know Erin McColl, was going to commit murder. He had merely planned—with another youth of similar inclination—to steal the plane and fly it to Yucatan.

It appeared that McColl had been in a hurry to leave Texas because of some expected trouble over the passing of a bundle of money cheques. In Yucatan he had hoped either to sell the plane to some revolution-minded South American or use it to convey back to the States a fortune in hurried gold, Indian idols and so on. The latter, the naive Texas youth believed, was just waiting to be picked up by anyone with enough initiative to get it. For that stirring but chimerical pot of gold, Erin McColl had killed another and had himself died.

McColl and his partner had been responsible for the attempted shooting of the plane from the Harlingen airfield a week before. The girl had accompanied them on the expedition. Had they managed to get the plane out and get it in the air, Yucatan-bound, she was to return the car, which McColl had borrowed from his parents.

"Erin said that if they made the

first trip successfully to Yucatan, he would come back and take me there too," the teen-age thrill-seeker told the police. "But I don't think he really meant it."

She looked up at the uniformed officers grouped round her. "Erin was always making wild statements," she said. "He was very nervous and mad about adventure. When he talked, his eyes would blaze in a crazy way."

The girl backed her head in her hands. Sobs shook her slim, still-born figure. "It's horrible," she wept, "to think he's dead. I can't bear it."

Too upset for further questioning, the female member of the delinquent trio was allowed to go home.

In the police view the case now presented a different aspect. It had resolved itself, not as the work of a smuggling gang, but the tragic result of youthful folly.

A squad car went out to pick up the third youngster involved—a 20-year-old boy, stocky, calm and confident. He had been named by the girl as McColl's prospective partner.

He eyed the police warily as the interrogation began. Then he jumped to the offensive by admitting that he owned the gun McColl had used. His glib explanation was that McColl had stolen it from his room.

Even knowledge of the plan to steal the airplane was denied by the youth. He would not admit he had been the figure in the car with the machine, who expected to meet the plane on the emergency field. He denied he fled when he saw the blood on the fuselage and the inevitable crash that was coming.



Charm
Dany

"Can you wait till tomorrow AM I perch?"

Photograph by
NORM HICKY



A night in a prison cell suffered-up the self-penned youth. The following morning he agreed to tell the truth.

McCall had had six hours flying time to his credit and was confident he could get them to Yacatan, since they obtained a plane. A course had been plotted on the home-made map to cross the Gulf of Mexico in five hours.

To get possession of the plane, Erin McCall had asked Bill Williams to let him go up for special solo practice. Once he got away in the plane, he was to high-tail it was the emergency field at San-Benito, where his partner was to await him. They hoped to steal enough petrol from the stock cached on the field and then set off for the "big money" to be made in Yucatan.

When Pilot Williams refused to let Erin McCall take up his place solo, the conspirators thought up an alternative plan. Williams was to be tricked into landing on the emergency field. It was expected to be deserted—except for McCall's waiting partner. Together they were to overpower the pilot, leave him trussed up in the petrol dump and decamp with the plane.

"Part of Williams showed the weak light," explained the youth's confession. "McCall meant to kill him. Then we were going to tie the corpse to the wing of the ship. With McCall at the controls, we meant to fly out over the Gulf."

"Then we planned to roll the ship, so that the knots which held Williams's body bound to the wing would become loosened. The dead man would fall into the water. We knew the sharks would eat the body, so there wouldn't be any evidence."

Actually, when the plot was set in motion, Nelson, not Bill Williams sat at the controls. But one victim was as good as any other to Erin McCall. Followed the plan, on some pretext he had got Nelson to land at the emergency field.

Then two things had gone wrong for the scheming air bandit. The first was the appearance of the caretaker as a witness to any funny business. The second was the non-appearance of his partner, who was late in arriving.

McCall could not keep Nelson on the field, and the pair had become airborne again. A few minutes later, as they circled above, some witnesses had impelled the youth to pull out the revolver and put a bullet into the brain of the man in front.

Then followed the spraying of the dead man's blood to bring disaster to his murderer. The plane had cracked up. The life-saving partner saw what had happened and had made himself scarce. Erin McCall had climbed out of the plane and looked around. He saw his hardware in the dead body falling in the cockpit. He saw people running from all directions to the scene. He suddenly realized the enormity of his crime—and that there could be no turning back. He held the revolver to his ear and fired. Thus the murdered of the skyway paid a penalty of his own choosing.

Police never found the true owner of the locked chatchan in McCall's hand. Nor did they ever discover the significance of it to McCall. His former partner might have explained it, but he was no longer around to do so. He received a prison sentence of eight years for his part in the Texas air-borne killing.

pointers to better health

SURGERY FOR THE ELDERLY

There should be no hesitancy to do surgery on older persons if it can relieve discomfort and disability, say two New York doctors, who have recently completed a survey. In one report on 204 patients, the average age was 76.6 years. The mortality rate was only eight per cent. In a second report on 41 persons, whose average age was 74.4, only nine per cent died. The two doctors, Drs. John D. Stuart and Guy S. Allsane, state that problems of caring for older people following operations differ only in degree from younger patients. The margin of safety is less and sharper attention to detail is necessary.

CORTISONE AND PREGNANCY

Fear that cortisone given to a pregnant woman for arthritis or a related condition might interfere with the unborn child or cause the woman to lose it, is dispelled by the studies of Dr. Edwin J. De Costa of Northwestern University, America. The fear was based on animal studies which showed that cortisone interfered with pregnancy, conception or early embryonic development. When given during pregnancy it brought about the loss of the child and caused stillbirths. However, when the drug was given to

humans, there was no occurrence of these consequences.

TRANSPLANTED KIDNEY

A transplanted kidney that survived for five months before the patient died of another cause has been reported by the Peter Bent Hospital in Boston. The patient was a doctor, invariably ill with kidney disease. He received a kidney from a donor who had recently died of heart failure, caused by high blood pressure. The condition and operation of the transplanted kidney was still good. It is believed to be the longest period of survival on record and brought the expression of hope that the transplant problem is nearing a solution. The transplanted kidney, which was placed in the back, was able to excrete more than a quart of fluid daily and keep the patient in reasonably good chemical balance.

ANTI T.B.

The day is nearing when T.B. patients will not be needed, says Dr. Edward W. Levine of Chicago. He says the disease is being treated with decreasing frequency by the doctor's office and the patient's home. Introduction of new drugs in recent years has made this possible.



DOUBLE CHARM

When it comes to beauty there can't be too much of a good thing. The night club waitresses of the El Rancho Vegas Hotel, Las Vegas, get a double dose of talent and charm when the South takes appear. This act is about bedtime, but even in such attire they cannot hide their charms.



Above: The girls' christian names are Louise and Suzanne and to keep fit and stay at equal weights, they exercise in the gymnasium. In their sets at the night club they act as their own M.C. and do their own song and dance routines.

Right: Last night's work is over and the girls catch a bit of sun while they relax, ready for the dawn to come. They smoke the same brand of cigarette — it's the same packer. Formerly featured singers with Eddie Oliver and his band, they now cut records for the Red Skelton show.



THE MAN WHO MADE

REG WALKER



Puccini charmed the world with his music. He also charmed the ladies with his love.

A KNOCK came on the door of a room in a fashionable hotel in Vienna. The composer, Giacomo Puccini, clad in pyjamas, rose from a chair and opened the door. A beautiful young lady, accompanied by a young lad with a music book, entered the room. The composer was enthralled, glad as he was, but the young lady assured him that all was well. She said she was an admirer of Puccini's music and had wanted to speak with him.

Puccini excused himself and entered his bedroom to change into

his clothes. When he came back to the sitting room, he found that the boy had gone.

"A mad woman," thought Puccini. But, deciding it was dangerous to drift madmen—especially madmen in a beautiful woman—he did not call the manager of the hotel.

Since Puccini had become a married man, he had become untidy to women. Handsome, with the romantic feature which shows in his music, he was the object of most women's romantic nature. No woman was safe from his

MIMI IMMORTAL

charm. Indeed, no woman wanted to be. One left her husband and lived with the composer for 18 years. And when the husband died, she and Puccini made the alliance legal.

Puccini loved his Elvira, but this did not prevent him from appealing the joys of other loves—and they were many. Elvira did not seem to mind; she knew Puccini was irresistible. It is no wonder that one of his best-known arias in "Love and Music", favourite aria among soprano.

Music and love went hand in hand with Puccini, but, just as his charm did not mature until he was in his twenties, neither did his music. As a child he hated music, but, coming from a family of musicians, he had to learn the piano.

There was nothing of the dreamy, idealistic nature of Schubert, Mendelssohn and Mozart about Puccini. He was a realist with a sense of humour, and when a boy he played boisterous pranks.

He played the organ in church when a youth and it often happened, in the middle of a solemn hymn, he would improvise a lively dance tune. Once he stole the tin paper from the organ, in order to buy cigarettes.

After seeing a performance of "Aida", when he was 20, he decided that opera was what he wanted to do most of all. He deserted the church, went to Milan and began studying opera. Like most of his contemporaries, he lived in a squalid attic while he was studying. But unlike many other great composers who remained poor, Puccini reached the heights

he left poverty and tasted riches.

Puccini's first opera was "Le Villi", which he entered in a contest. It failed to win a prize. He was 28 at the time and the failure was a bitter disappointment, particularly when his best friend won a similar contest. That friend was Pietro Mascagni and his prize-winning opera was "Cavalleria Rusticana".

But Puccini did not have long to wait. His "Mamma Lucia" brought him international fame. He was not deep music, nor was there anything sentimental about his self-evaluation. He regarded himself as an entertainer with his music, rather than being endowed with a noble mission. But his music was a drug which captured the world. It still does and he is one of the most popular composers in all musical repertoires.

Puccini said he lived selfishly. But his idea of selfishness was to make with a peace in the corner of a room, while his friends talked, joked and drank in the same room. Like one night in 1899, he was teaching the boys of a piano, when suddenly his friends stopped talking; they had heard some beautiful passages emanate from the piano.

"Please keep on talking," said Puccini. "The silence irritates me."

So the laughter continued. Then suddenly Puccini announced: "It is finished. Gentlemen, I would like to introduce you to Mimi. She is a little priestess who sells her body for fine clothes and a carriage. But she is immortal, for she loves with a heart that can break."

He played the death scene which he had just composed, and after he finished, amid emotion, one of

his listeners said, "You, too, will become immortal."

"What is the name of this opera?" asked one.

"The name of this opera," answered Puccini, "is 'La Bohème'."

Everyone has heard "La Bohème" with its sad story and beautiful music. It was an opera which would be a memorial to any composer. But Puccini did not stop with this success. He followed with "Tosca," "Girl of the Golden West," and others and each gained him more admirers.

The Italian audience differed from the German, who, under the influence of the great Wagner, treated opera as a serious drama. The Italians regarded the music as the thing, with the story secondary, and, if they liked an aria, they would call for the composer in the middle of the action. It was not unusual for the audience to call the actors thirty or forty times to the footlights to take bows. Yet, strangely, when they left the opera house and the influence of the opera had ebbed a little, they would say the opera stunk. "La Bohème" met with such treatment. Conducted by Arturo Toscanini, who retired last year at over 80 years of age, it met with terrific applause at its opening, but was abandoned afterwards.

But audiences continued to see "Bohème" and have acclaimed it a masterpiece.

During a rehearsal of "Bohème", Puccini told a friend that he had to listen against his will, to a tenor who sang the role of Rodolph very poorly. The singer was Enrico Caruso, who came to be regarded as the best Rodolph since "Bohème" came from Puccini's brain to manuscript.

World modern never went to Puccini's head. "People love my

music," he said, "but, compared with Wagner, I am only a mandolin player."

When Puccini heard Wagner's "Tristan and Isolde," he exclaimed, "This terrific music reduces me to nothingness." He knew his music appealed to the heart, not the brain. Indeed, it has been said that Puccini's music should not be sung with the throat only, but with the heart.

Another time, when discussing Wagner, Puccini said: "His music is the language of the gods. My music is the language of human beings—weak human beings. I do not understand the music of Wagner (a Wagnerian character), but I know the song of little Mimi. It pierces my heart!"

In 1903 Puccini began the score of "Madama Butterfly", a sad story which has entered all languages. The locale is Japan. The American Fleet arrives in Japan and a Lieutenant Pinkerton courts Butterfly, a Japanese girl. He marries her and she has a child. But he leaves Japan before that, not knowing she is pregnant. He has no intention of returning, he has a wife in America, but Butterfly, who loves him, continuously hopes for his return. Then, one day, she is told that he will not come back and she sings the tragic aria "Death With Honor", one of the most beautiful and poignant arias from all opera, then commits harikari. A few minutes later Pinkerton arrives to claim her.

At the first showing of "Butterfly" the audience stood and kissed Puccini, while with sobs, stood in the wings distant. "London, you hear," he smiled. "Shrek, tell me, but you will find I am right. It is my best opera, it is the greatest I have ever written."

Puccini revised "Butterfly" and

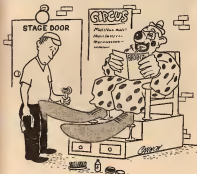
presented it again. It met with acclaim and has since echoed around the world. Of all operas it is perhaps the most popular.

In his 81st year he began work on "Turandot", which has a Chinese setting. He did not complete it. He developed a throat cancer. Radical treatment was commenced and it was successful. Puccini returned happily to "Turandot", but died suddenly of a heart attack. That year in 1924 and "Turandot" was finished by another composer. It, like many of Puccini's other operas, is included in the repertoire of all opera companies.

Puccini composed 12 operas — "La Villi", "Edgar", "Mimosa Leonora", "La Bohème", "Tosca", "Madama Butterfly", "The Girl of the Golden West", "The Swallow",

"The Cloak", "Sister Angelina", "Gianni Schicchi", and "Turandot". He also composed "Stabat Mater" and two cantatas for solists. Five of the first great operas and the last will always be presented, while concert agencies like to include "Oh, My Beloved Daddy", from "Gianni Schicchi", in their repertoires.

Anyone who listens to the beautiful, haunting music of Puccini, listens with the heart, just as it is presented with the brain. It is romantic music—the type of music which accompanies romantic love. The type that was written for wedding. For Puccini was a romantic. For him two things went together: two things which he synthesized in his own "Love and Mime".





"Right there in the front row, Good heavens, is he going around with her again?"

28

JAMES HOLLIDAY

MEN DEFIED DEATH

TWENTY-EIGHT men stood on the surface of a huge mass of pack ice in the Antarctic seas before their eyes they saw their ship, wedged a hapless prisoner in the ice, break up like a matchbox between shifting, crushing floes.

They looked fearfully at each other as great splinters of ice went through the ship's timbers like pins through paper. They heard the rush of triumphant water as it poured in to swallow the vessel.

The men were left marooned on the sea. They were 1880 miles from the nearest settlement. They seemed

doomed to slow death, tortured by blizzards, below-zero temperatures, privations and starvation.

Eleven months later, the 28 men returned from the grave. Every one survived and stepped ashore at Valparaiso from a small Chilean steamer.

For their shaming of death, the rescued men had to thank one of the most courageous, resourceful and determined figures of modern exploration, Sir Ernest Shackleton. He was their leader. He had taken them to the Antarctic. He knew it was his responsibility to get them out, and that is what he did—without the loss of a single life.



Adrift on an ice floe, tortured by blizzards, sub-zero temperatures and starvation, these 28 men survived, due to their leader.

—is one of the most awe of all escape scenes.

His expedition left England just before the outbreak of World War I, in a sturdy new ship, the Endurance. All went well until January 20, 1915, when they unexpectedly ran into solid, enveloping ice on the edge of Antarctica, well south of Cape Horn.

The ship was wedged tight. All efforts to extricate it were useless. Rapidly it became frozen in as solid as a glacier set in concrete.

For a while Shackleton was unperturbed. He made exploratory forays across the ice and mapped some 200 miles of Antarctica itself.

Months passed still there was no alarm. Then suddenly, at four o'clock in the afternoon of Wednesday, October 27, the ice expanded and crushed the Endurance like a nut.

They managed to get three small open boats and some provisions—estimated to last 30 days—off the ship and on to the ice before the frailly disintegrated. With them the 22 men set down and waited.

Three hundred and fifty miles away was an uninhabited magnet known as Pauls Island. On it was a hut, regularly provisioned by the Argentine Government. To reach it over the ice, however, was impossible. The surface was not flat and solid. It was broken by lakes of slush, precipitous cliffs of ice, treacherous valleys constantly changing form under the ceaseless pressure of winds, tides and currents.

Shackleton did attempt to set out over-ice for Pauls Island. He covered only seven miles in seven days and had to return to the solid floe on which the expedition was stranded.

They waited there for 84 months, all the while slowly drifting northward with the compass. Provisions were minutely rationed. They were sked out with a few penguins and seals. When they were scarce they had to resort to the dogs brought with the expedition.

As the drifting ice pack came into the warmer northern latitudes, it began to disintegrate. Shackleton calculated that their only hope of a landfall was a bleak, inhospitable lump of rock called Elephant Island, only 100 miles away.

They had to wait for the ice to melt before they could make their way there on the boats. Inevitably they split on the ice, with half the floe beneath them grew smaller. A constant watch had to be kept as great slabs of herb broke away. Often men were thrown into the water as their footholds vanished.

Eventually, in mid-April, 1916, Sir Ernest Shackleton decided that the surrounding water was navigable in the boats. As the 22 men launched their frail craft and pushed off, they were almost destroyed by the din of grinding, smashing ice floes around them.

The run to Elephant Island took six days. It was a nightmare as they pulled at the oars through howling wind and spray which froze painfully to their bodies brushed together, trying to slip and rub a little warmth into their bodies. All the while, jagged, drifting ice had to be dodged and leaped off, before it drove holes in the thin timbers on which their lives depended.

Elephant Island, when they reached there, provided no answer to the problems of eventual rescue. No one else had ever landed there—and it was unlikely that anyone

else ever would, so their chances of being found were remote. However the island was a better refuge than the floe they had left. It was only a rock, but snug shelter was found under its icy cliffs. A penguin rookery promised food and fuel.

Shackleton accepted the responsibility of getting help. Eight hundred and sixty miles away was another island, South Georgia. On it was a whaling station—and that meant ships which could be used to pick up the stranded men on Elephant Island.

So began an open-boat voyage without parallel in the annals of the sea. It is unique not because of the distance—900 miles—but because it was made through sea and storms unopposed anywhere in the world.

Shackleton selected Frank Worley, captain of the Endurance, to accompany him as navigator. Four other men made up the complement of the James Caird—the 22-foot whalerboat chosen for the journey.

A rough covering was rigged up with a bolt of canvas—after it had been shaved out over carefully-landed firs of penguin blubber. Boulders were stacked aboard as ballast. Storms for a month of near starvation diet went under the canvas. The six men took their places. The James Caird pushed off on its epic rescue mission.

Frank Worley's instruments were his best of navigation were pitifully meagre. For the 16 days the voyage took, he had to depend mainly on dead reckoning. Only occasionally did the sun appear to enable him to take a sight.

The six men had sleeping bags, but they were filled with water two minutes after leaving Elephant Island. They remained saturated

SHE WAS AN INDIAN'S MAID

Did you hear the sad tale of Elsie Brink?
She wedded an Indian, none of Straight Kink,
Frispian arrived—and what do you think?
There was one red, one white and one pink!

—AN-EM.

for the next 16 days. Their bodies were chilled to the bone by the biting winds and the seas which broke over them on an average of 15 times an hour. Drifting had to be carried on continuously.

They slept fitfully on the hulls of boulders, when sheer exhaustion closed their eyes as if the lids were sewn together. Agony came "too blithely", brought on by the wet, the cold, and the chafing of their ragged garments, covered their bodies. There was another torture. For the last three days, there was not a drop of water aboard even to moisten their cracked lips.

They were all but finished when, at noon on May 1, there loomed up ahead the welcome black cliffs of South Georgia. They sprang their eyes for a landing. Nowhere could they see a break in the menacing rocks.

The hearts of the six men, which had surged with hope, sank to despair as a sudden squall hit the James Caird like a thunderbolt. Wind and sea tossed them forward

through the blinding spray like a pumping shuttlecock. Incessantly the storm was driving the little boat straight on to the slaving fingers of the jagged rocks.

Finally they pulled at the oars with raw blistering hands. For agonizing moments the whistling fought the current and the wind that was driving it to destruction. Then the hard sweep of the oars laid, and it pulled away out of the danger zone.

They stood off South Georgia all night. The next morning the storm abated. Clumping a tiny inlet, Shackleton brought the James Caird to a safe landing.

As a leader, Sir Ernest Shackleton was strong on courage and fortitude—but his luck was woeful. The six men climbed up on the rocky beach and looked around. All was darkness. They picked up a landmark or two, identified their charts and found they were on the wrong side of the island.

The whaling station was 17 miles away. In between were three lofty mountain ranges. Even well equipped and experienced mountaineers who have attempted to scale the ranges of South Georgia have failed.

Shackleton and his men took shelter in a cave for a couple of days and built up strength with cooked albatross chickens roiled from nests on the cliffs. Then it was decided that Shackleton, with two companions, would make a dash over the mountains to the whaling station for help.

They left at three o'clock in the morning and began to ascend the cliff, skirting the inlet. By moonlight, they descended crevasses down which a drop meant a plunge to death. At dawn, they had climbed 2000 feet, and they saw what lay ahead of them. It has been de-

scribed as "a fantastic jumble of craggy peaks, glaciers, snowfields, cliffs and crevasses".

Shackleton and his two comrades made that nightmare crossing in 36 hours. For men who had just spent 16 days battered by the sea in an open boat, it was an almost unbelievable feat of endurance.

They were nearly at breaking point when they heard the whistle of a whaling steamer. They staggered forward and saw the settlement far below. Only one more cliff lay between them. This time they had to descend—an operation that included sliding on a rope down a waterfall, with freezing water drenching them to the skin and numbing them to the bone.

Shackleton made the settlement, sent for three men waiting on the other side of the island, and immediately began preparations to rescue the castaways on Elephant Island. It was a task that was to provide almost as much difficulty as he had experienced in getting to South Georgia. Four times did he sail to Elephant Rock before he was able to get through the ice surrounding it and make a landing in August 14.

When he was finally reunited with his shipwrecked, he found them all alive but reduced to a near-starvation diet of kelp and seaweed.

Shackleton himself lived to return to England and organize his fourth expedition to the west white southland of Antarctica. He arrived off the whaling settlement of the island of South Georgia in January, 1922.

There he died of a sudden heart attack. He was buried, approximately, beneath a snow of stones on the lonely island that was the scene of one of his most notable exploring adventures.

HE COURTED THE REAPER

RAY BAYH

DEATH. At his residence, 264 West 76th Street, New York City, Joseph Morrie Elwell, suddenly June 11, 1930.

Death notices are traditionally unemotional, uninformative. To the information above might be added a much more, much that was uncovered by the subsequent police investigation. Yet further information might have been given to the world—but for two people—Joseph Morrie Elwell and Edward Swann, District Attorney.

Joe Elwell was well known in the top drawer of New York society as a high vivand, large-scale playboy, and superb bridge player. He owned the house on

West 76th Street, five acres, a yacht at Palm Beach, twenty thoroughbred racehorses—and the allegiance of scores of pretty women—both married and unmarried.

He started out with very little but a quick brain. His family lived in New Jersey, and were middle-class people not over-blessed with money. Young Joe took a job with a hardware firm where he worked well but not spectacularly. In his spare time he joined a good club, and learned to play bridge very well. During his lifetime—he was 34 when he died—he wrote 13 books on the game, and was esteemed as one of the best players in the United States.



Was Joseph Elwell a suicide? Perhaps he was a murder victim? Any one of scores of entangled headlines may have killed him.

He laid the foundations of his fortune by playing bridge—and winning. Oppenbach declared that he played the game with scrupulous fairness, but with a cunning and shrewdness that were hard to test.

But Joseph Elwell was a long way from a bridge table when he died. To be exact, he was in a small room near the front of his house, and he had just begun to read his mail. One of his servants—a Mrs. Larson—was faced with the sight of her beloved employer sitting in a chair, his breath coming staccato, blood belching his face.

She rushed out into the street and called a policeman, Henry Enger. Enger noticed a bullet hole in Elwell's forehead and called an ambulance. Joseph Elwell was taken to a nearby hospital where he died about two hours later.

In the Elwell house police found an empty .45 caliber shell which had been fired from a Colt automatic. This was embedded in the plaster of the wall. Letters beside Elwell on the table were unopened, except one which contained a routine report from the manager of Joseph Elwell's racing stable. A cigarette on the mantelpiece was of a common brand, and had been smoked from the wrong end. (Elwell had always smoked specially-made pipe.)

The police interrogated Elwell's servants. His chauffeur, in particular, told an interesting story. Yes, Mr. Elwell had had some odd little ways. For instance, he would often go riding in his car at night. Soon he would tell the car to stop, and he would open the door for a woman to enter. The obedient limousine would then pause its sleek nose back to West 76th Street, the couple would go inside, and the

chauffeur would put the car away. No, women were never mentioned, but the chauffeur had the idea that quite a number of the women were married.

He guessed a little more as he told how Elwell liked to go driving slowly through the streets with his eyes wide open for attractive women. When he spotted one, he would tell the chauffeur to stop the car, and would alight to stop the old, old game—"Haven't I met you some place before?" (Elwell usually mentioned Palm Beach.)

If the woman asked naughtily, the big car would glide on. The chauffeur's gun widened still more as he said: "You'd be surprised to know how many dames weren't offended at all."

In addition, Joseph Elwell was said by the servants to have given dockkeys to at least half-a-dozen barmaids. He also had a wife. Not unusually she had gone for a legal separation and got it.

The police uttered their guesses when they heard such information automatically widened the circle of suspects. The recent character of Joseph Elwell automatically cut them off from any action to that circle of suspects. He had kept no diaries, written no incriminating letters.

New York society had its theories about the matter, as expressed in two rhymes. One ran:

"Who killed Joe Elwell?
I, said the Barker,
And now I will speak her
I killed Joe Elwell."

The other went this way:
"Who killed Joe Elwell?
I, said the lady,
His conduct was shady,
I killed Joe Elwell."

The police decided that a woman hadn't shot Joe. They also decided that the motive for the crime could

not be robbery, since valuable objects had been left untouched near the body.

Then a detective came to light with a pink silk nightgown in a closet in Elwell's bedroom. The lady's initials had been carefully cut off the garment. Another probing bloodhound went to earth in the cellar and struck a bonanza—a pink silk nightgown, dirty robe, and two pink clippers.

After judicious grilling, the cleaning woman who had discovered Elwell's body confessed that she had taken these articles out of the bedroom closet and hidden them.

Why not the nightgown? The answer is that one was simple—she hadn't noticed it. Why had she done it? There was a simple, very human answer to that question, too. She hadn't wanted the foul breath of scandal to touch the name of Elwell.

District Attorney Edward Swann entered the case, bringing with him an assistant who immediately began to comb records with the somewhat D.A. who was already working on the mystery.

Questions applied to Mrs. Larson yielded a dividend. She told them that not two hours after Joseph Elwell had been removed



in hospital a woman had come running to the front door and asked if she might get the pink milk articles. Mrs. Larsen pointed out that the place was crawling with police, and told the woman that she had hidden the things. The lady left in a hurry.

The police discovered that her divorce from an engineer had been made final the day before. She had been guest of honour at a party in the Ritz-Carlton Hotel to celebrate the divorce. Joseph Elwell had been a member of the party.

If an unpleasant coincidence, the engineer had been sitting at the table.

Mr. Swann drew a lot of attention from the Press for his refusal to name Viola Kross, whom he covered under the name of "Miss Wilson".

One newsbought, desperate for dramatic news, declared that Joseph Elwell's former racing-stable partner, a man named Pendleton, was to be arrested at any moment. But it was conclusively proved that Pendleton had been home at the time of the killing. And he hadn't quarrelled with Elwell over the stable or anything else. He said that he had been unable to keep pace with Joe, and had quietly eased out of the partnership. He had always liked and admired Joe, who had invited him to a thoroughly gentlemanly fadion.

Van Schlegel came in for a little attention. He told the police that he had taken his companion home at ten o'clock. When he took his car to a garage and arranged for it to be repaired, taking delivery of it about ten o'clock the next morning. He had then gone to Atlantic City. The District Attorney's office was unable to pin anything on Van Schlegel. The police weren't given a chance. They were used as decoys

here or something of the kind while the lawyers had a lot of fun and made sure that no one with a place in Society was asked any nasty questions.

A neighbour of Elwell's said that he heard a noisy car outside No. 244 at about four o'clock on the morning on which Elwell died. Nobody—police or legal lights—made anything out of this.

An investigation of Elwell's gambling companions brought nothing to light—or, if anything was brought to light, it wasn't released for the benefit of the public. Finally the whole thing began to fade out.

One quite plausible theory is that the killing of Joseph Elwell was done by himself. It would be physically possible.

People who had known Joe Elwell laughed at this theory. It was said that Joe Elwell was just the type of man to go on calmly reading his letters while someone threatened him with a firearm. In any case, what happened to the weapon in question? And how about the strange cigarette-butt on the mantel-piece?

Supporters of the suicide theory declare that Mrs. Larsen might have hidden the revolver and taken it away with her, just as she had hidden the woman's clothing. They declare that the cigarette butt might have belonged to the milkman who helped the policeman on that morning of June 11.

It might be argued that Joe Elwell had everything to live for. On the other hand, it might be pointed out that his main interest in life was women said, at 44, he might have fancied his career at an end. So he did the obvious thing and made a dramatic exit while at the height of his manly success. But no satisfactory explanation was ever reached; the case was closed.

C. W. KORNBLUTH

x marks the A-BOMB



I'd been sent to get a scoop story from the atom bomb works. But when the secret landed in my lap, I found I could not tell the story to anyone.

YOU'D be surprised if you knew what's going on. I was surprised right into District 15—but there's getting ahead of the story. What story? I'm going to write this one down and tear it up, or maybe burn it, because there isn't a paper or magazine in the country that could get away with printing it. They'd be closed and maybe in jail, or maybe in District—well. There I go again.

I could begin at the beginning, but when was the beginning? Was it Los Alamos in New Mexico, was it Oak Ridge, was it the first uranium pile under the University of Chicago football stadium, or was it Hiroshima going up like a match-head?

It'll stop 'em all up to, say, V-J Day. Let's make it V-J Day in the New York Daily Bulletin city room. I'm the headstrong young man of forty-five arguing with the city editor about an expense account. Suddenly everybody goes crazy, the war is over, justice has triumphed, paper goes sailing around the room.

And I hear Arnhelm, the staff writer, murmur gently, "So Alamo did it . . ." There is a queer, abstracted look on Arnhelm's face. See a man waiting for you to pick up his dinner check.

About a week later, in the middle of an interview with the latest English novelist in on the Clipper, came the check. Pendleton was my-

ing, "—our own one deny the sudden ingenuity of the Ammudown professional thieves—" and then the click came.

I was standing threateningly over Archibain last summer last. Archibain was there alone and a sprinkler in the wall when he broke down and drenched out the story, or as much of it as he knew.

The Allison had been babbling about was, of course, the late Harriet McGreger Allison, Ph.D., minor physicist, Columbia man, married by his colleagues at his untimely death only in '42. The joke was that Allison wasn't deep. Archibain had written enough odds and checked enough sources to know a phony when it turned up. Everything was on paper in the Allison business. There were witnesses who couldn't be located but knew all about it. There was a statement by a doctor who just happened to be unavailable. Nobody seemed to know when and where the funeral had been held. A phony.

I had to wait for three hours with the city editor to get assigned to the Manhattan Project story. This was when the generals were finally talked down by the scientists and allowed a few reporters to look at the outside of some of the equipment. I wanted the assignment because of my lead on Allison.

The next day I was on a special train leaving from Penn Station with an MP lieutenant sharing my seat. The three-car speed was full of newspaper men and MP lieutenants, except for half of the rear car, which was partitioned off and was supposed to have Ensign Ferné and his escort of two majors and a sharpshooting master sergeant in it.

The windows were painted over and the MPs wouldn't let us stationers at the press table in each other, so it was one of the leas-

ure trips I've ever taken. It lasted fifty-two hours. The train stopped at a siding and we all got out and stretched.

It was a free-handed mess clearing in a second-growth forest of pine and scrub oak. The strongest, tallest men I've ever seen ranged about three dozen concrete block buildings of assorted sizes and they were reinforced with more MP lieutenants with, alternately, Tommy-guns and repeating shotguns loaded for bear.

We were assigned to one-man cubicles, each with a cot, a desk, and a typewriter, shower stall, and Modern Conveniences. We would sleep in there, write our stories in there, and be loaded back onto the train in forty-eight hours. We would be pulled through the works in parties of eight. There would be no conversation during the tour, or at meals, or in the cubicles.

Some character in an officer's uniform but without insignia, an OWI or War Comintern boy, I thought, lectured us. MP guards would be stationed in the corridor of our quarters to prevent conversation; ask questions only of the guidons. The National Defence Act was still in force; all stories written here would be screened before leaving the place.

"Ever hear of anyone named Harriet McGreger Allison?" I asked an MP.

"Sure," he said.

"To be at this installation?"

"I saw you try to talk to him on the shavline."

"The cook?"

"That's right. How'd you know?"

"It was just a guess," I said, my head whirling. "Good night." I tried to go to sleep. Of course I had studied photographs of Allison before coming out here, of

course it was the same man. So help me, they blew a huge at six am.

We poked into the corridor and saw the MP guards drawn up in stiff attention, looking scared and white. The character was howling them to halt and come out. He stopped short when we appeared.

"You reporters stand out here in the corridor," he ordered. "Your questions are going to be searched."

I asked him if I could get some clothes.

"No," he said coldly. "You may not." And mine was the first room he and two MPs began to search. The other MPs watched us nervously, just how nervously I didn't realize until every cubicle had been ransacked and we'd been allowed to dress and form outside.

The character addressed us in the chilly voice of a judge sentencing a band. "You men," he said, "are in very grave personal danger. One or more of you has stolen—something—from this installation and hidden it. I shall be entirely within my rights if I put you all under confinement, ship you to Washington, and see that you stand trial. The trial, of course, will be by a military commission, and closed to the press and public, and will probably result in every one of you being shot as surely as if you were German spies.

"Actually, I am sure no danger to the country's security was intended, but the Espionage Act, U.S.C. 11 and 12 amended, does not discriminate between inadvertent theft and reportorial pilfering. I want the guilty person or persons, or anybody having any information, to step out now."

I stepped out. The character studied me fully and nodded to the rest. "Return to your cubicles,"

he said. "Guard, don't leave them alone."

To me he beckoned simply. As we walked off two of the soldiers followed. The four of us went to the nearest building, and sat down in a bare little office.

"Tell your story," said the man to me.

"Questions first," I said. He seemed to swell and grow bright red, though actually he probably just flushed and sat a little straighter.

"All right," he choked.

"Stop me if I'm wrong," I said. "You maintain constant secrecy in this installation, and this is the first case of disappearance coincident with the arrival of the reporters. You therefore assume that the reporters, in spite of their guarding, managed the theft. Right?"

"Right," he said grimly.

"Wrong," I said. "The thief is one of your personnel. He's a minor physicist who faked death years ago, presumably on a tip about the Manhattan Project, and worked his way in as a cook. Up to now I've been assuming he was for the project; I see now that he's against it. I don't know if his angle's sabotage or what, but I know the man. He hasn't even changed his name, which was sadder than it seems on first thought."

"Who is it?" the man yelled.

"What's the hurry?" I asked.

He shot to his feet and took me by the lapels. "You—unbelievable—unbelievable!" he grated. Then he let go and sat down with a sigh. "No," he said. "You just don't understand the importance of it. Just tell me right now, taking my word that there's reason for speed, who the man is."

"I'm a reporter," I said. "I don't owe anything for nothing. What's the hurry?"

"I'll tell you," he said hoarsely. "You'll be sorry, but I'll tell you." He waved the MP's out. "This place is the bomb depot. Every atomic bomb is delivered here when it's assembled. We put three a month. Even a bomb-league physics instructor with the — the part that was stolen—could — Oh, would Tell me who it was?"

"One of the cokes," I said. "Hamilton McGregor Allison is his name."

The man tore out of the office without me, waving on the MP's who were waiting outside. He ran for a barracks-like building and I ran behind the three. He yelled for more MP's from the fence patrol, and they streamed after in a ragged wedge.

We charged into the barracks,

neatly labelled "Cook's Quarters". Cokes all around us in various stages of undress were getting off their coats and babbling. The man strode to the cawthick bunk on the left and shook Allison awake.

Two MP's held his arms while another searched him. He found a little, shiny gadget around his neck on a string. It was quickly passed to the man in the officer's uniform who pocketed it at once.

He set down in Allison's bunk and said weakly, "Guardhouse. Four men in the cell with him. Keep his records to my office."

The MP's left with a silent, burning-eyed Allison. We went back to the bare little office as a dinner arrived by jeep.

We looked over the dossier to-

gether; he seemed to have made up his mind about me—I didn't know then what he had decided on.

He called in two captains and a major who blinked at me and got to work on the dossier, which included a birth certificate—Aberdeen, Scotland, 1909; naturalization papers, Cleveland, Ohio, 1933; marriage license, Cleveland, 1933, affidavits of restaurant owners in Cleveland, Dayton, and Columbus, 1933, 1937, and 1938. License of his own restaurant, "Mac's Hamburger Spot", Columbus, 1938. Death certificate of his wife.

The three officers studied the stuff for ten minutes in total silence. Finally one of the captains said, "Jap."

The major gave him a look and the other captain promptly said, "Kraut. Fink-prun, grammar, punctuation, martini, throatloose—off's Kraut."

"Yes," said the major. "It's Kraut. Who let this through?"

"Lieutenant Gilbert," said one of the captains, looking at the dossier's jacket. "He's been discharged."

"A pity," said the major. His face clenched as if they were wringing something, and the three left.

"I suppose I should thank you," said the man in the officer's uniform. "Instead—"

An MP knocked and came in. "He's talking, sir," he said. We roused out and piled into the soldier's jeep.

It took us to the guardhouse where Allison was sitting with his head in his hands, babbling and babbling at the floor. He didn't seem to care whether anybody heard or not. He said over and over that he'd failed somebody named Caldecott, then it was the Fatherland he'd failed—

After an hour's babbling we got five minutes worth of some out of

it. Allison was a Scotch separatist. He was so ready to commit murder for the freedom of Scotland as the Star Fishers had been for Ireland. Like the Star Fishers in the last war Allison had been approached by German agents in this case. They'd arranged everything — his fake death, his fake record of employment. He was totally unable to see the rights and wrongs of the war. The Germans won, he thought, for Scotland's freedom so he was for the Germans. He was going to blow up London, he was, and he was going to blow up Manchester if the English didn't give Scotland its independence.

The man in the officer's uniform took down some names and addresses and did some long-distance phoning. I was mentioned in one of the calls. Like this:

"What'll we do about the reporter, General?"

"Yes, sir. Seventeen? We could shoot him . . . Yes, yes" Click.

It was 10:30 a.m. By 11:30 the reporters had been told to keep their mouths shut and were packed into the train.

By noon I was on the plane that took me to an island under three guards. From there I went to my present location, a sandy little island well off the Atlantic coast. They do something or other here with an ocean plot; I don't know just what. I'm the timekeeper. I keep time for everybody in District Seventeen except myself, because I haven't got anything but time.

The guards have been informed that I get shot if I try to leave; otherwise I have the run of the place. All I'm living for is the hope that someday the United Nations will get the atomic bomb and I'll get out of District Seventeen. Maybe I won't burn this story. Maybe I'll keep it all time.



"Father, PLEASE!"

Cavalcade HOME

of the month No. 11

This small home is designed for a nearly flat piece of land with—preferably—north at the rear. The extensive glass area would be unsuitable on any but the north side where it receives winter sunshine but is sheltered by the wide roof overhang from the more vertical rays of the summer sun. So that the back may be enjoyed as a garden and recreation area both the front and kitchen entrances are placed on the same front porch. The two

site plans show how the front drying area may be screened from the road. If no garage is to be built a screening fence, stone wall or trellis could be similarly used. The main entrance leads from the covered porch through a tiny coat hanging space into the living room which is L-shaped and divided into a dining and living section by the two-way fireplace. The out-door recreation area is accessible from both sections of the living room and from



one of the bedrooms. Two of the bedrooms are fairly large the third one only just big enough for one person. All three bedrooms have built-in wardrobes, a dressing table is built into the bath and a large linen press into the hall. For economy in the plumbing construction, bathroom, kitchen and laundry are grouped

together. Kitchen and dining area are shown to be subdivided by a counter only, but a wall could be used instead. Materials are weatherboard or asbestos-cement on a stone or brick base with a corrugated fibre roof. Windows are fixed glass between timber posts with ventilation louvres or hoppers under.



CURSE

When Matilda Titchborne lay dying on the 12th century in Almsford, England, she placed a curse on the Titchbornes because of the selfishness of her husband. She stated that, unless the Titchbornes of future generations, as well as the one living, gave a gift of flour to the villagers each year on March 20, the family line and name would die during a generation producing only daughters. The dose of flour has been given every year since, with the exception of the years, 1794 to 1812, when the first Titchborne to stop the custom became the father of seven daughters. This restored his respect for the old lady's curse and he renewed the gift.

MOST POPULAR PLAY

The most popular play presented by the rural dramatic clubs of the U.S. during the past generation has been Aaron Slick of Pookin Creek. Although few professional actors have ever heard of this successful amateur comedy, it has been staged many times in more than 35,000 villages and has been seen by at least 20 million people.

OUR LANGUAGE

Basic English has a vocabulary

of only 880 words, says the National Geographical Society. It contains 620 nouns, 155 adjectives and 100 "operations" words, the operations including a limited number of all-purpose verbs that do duty for the thousands of more varied verbs of normal speech.

WARDROBE DRINKER

An outstanding attraction of London's Imperial War Museum in the 1930's was a small kitchen cabinet from La Cateau, France. For four years during World War I, a British soldier hid in this cupboard and was secretly fed and guarded by the women of the house, which was overrun by the Germans. So the Englishman had to stay constantly in his hiding place, except for a few minutes each night when it was safe for him to emerge to eat and stretch his legs.

BIG BANG

A neutron, these times of particles which are used to bombard uranium in the explosion of an atom bomb, weighs four times a billionth of a billionth of a billionth of a pound. Yet these neutrons travel at a speed of 18,000 miles per second. And, judged by the big bangs of atom bombs, the neutrons do a good job.

HE SAVED MILLIONS OF LIVES

BETA M. HOGAN



The removal of foreign bodies from throat and lungs is easy these days, due solely to the work of Dr. Chevalier Jackson.

THE nervous little boy looked up at the wary, bearded, kind-faced old doctor before him and warily tried to return his warm smile of encouragement. Only three years old, and all the way from Melbourne, Australia, he had been rushed to this Philadelphia hospital by his frantic parents, and he was still not too sure what it was all about.

He felt better, however, as this man in the long white coat talked to him of the real he had swallowed and how he was going to get it back from his tummy for him to look at.

Two minutes later, there it was. Wide-eyed, the child wondered at the reason for the fuss. He did not know that in those two short minutes, with an instrument that had been slipped painlessly into his mouth, and then, with amazing skill, into his lung, the old man, Dr. Chevalier Jackson, had saved his life, as he had thousands of others.

The instrument was called a bronchoscope. With it, Dr. Jackson, its inventor, had been able to pass tiny forceps down a tube, not much thicker than a straw, and grasp the screw. Taking infinite care not to harm the tender tissues of the baby body, he had removed it.

From the beginning of time, countless children have died through swallowing nails, buttons, pins, bones, coins, or some other

foreign object. Now, through the genius of Dr. Chevalier Jackson, they can be saved, as this Melbourne boy was in 1899.

Now 86 and living in retirement in Philadelphia, Dr. Jackson is recognized as one of the great pioneers of modern medicine. More than any other, he was responsible for the development of personal endoscopy, examination of the interior of the human body—the gullet, the lungs, even the stomach—through the mouth. Once the only path to these organs was by dangerous surgery. Now, with the methods and instruments of Chevalier Jackson, it is a different story.

In addition to removing foreign objects lodged in the body, he showed doctors, who pilgrimaged to his clinic from all over the world, how they could variously examine—for diagnosis and treatment—internal tumors, ulcers, tubercular lesions and other conditions previously inaccessible.

Born in a Pittsburgh slum in 1853, Chevalier Jackson grew into a frail, pale youth, obsessed with the poverty and sickness he saw around him. With a brilliant talent for art, he set about earning money before he left school by painting children—ware and homages. But his real interest was drawings.

He was toiling 16 hours a day, but only to earn enough to enter university and medical school. Chevalier Jackson never wanted to be anything but a doctor. For four years at the University of Pennsylvania, and two years at the Jefferson Medical School in Philadelphia, he kept himself by working long hours at art in the vacations.

He graduated in 1880, and went back to Pittsburgh to practice among the ailing poor he had known since childhood.

But at once he noticed something that caused him to change his plans. It was apparent that, more than another general practitioner, the children needed a specialist to operate on the diseased tonsils from which practically every second child suffered.

In 1883 such an operation was almost unheard of in America. Few doctors were convinced of its necessity. In addition, young Dr. Chevalier Jackson, fresh from medical school, was not yet fully competent to undertake it. He would have to learn more, much more.

Instead of starting practice in Pittsburgh immediately, he decided to go to London. He wanted to study the methods of the great English throat specialist, Sir Morell Mackenzie, pioneer of whose work in the then almost uncharted field of laryngology were beginning to filter across the Atlantic.

But Chevalier Jackson had no money, and there was no prospect of his making much. Despairingly, he returned to the painting of children. At the end of a month he had earned 75 dollars.

Then, providentially, an eccentric old huckster, suffering from a chronic throat condition from which local doctors could give no relief, offered to loan him 50 dollars to help him go to London if Jackson would attend him free for the rest of his life. Jackson accepted.

Rebating on bread and cheese in order to stay as long in London as possible, he heurited Morell Mackenzie's surgery. He pleaded the older doctor with questions and followed him around like a pupil. Everything he did, from first diagnosis to final surgery, the fascinated young American watched and scribbled in a notebook. When Jackson returned home, he carried

copies of every paper and book the specialist had written about the human throat. Unable to buy them, he had laboriously transcribed each one by hand.

Back in Pittsburgh, Dr. Chevalier Jackson set up practice as a throat specialist. There then began a long dreary fight to convince patients, teachers and other doctors of the imperative need for local operations for many children. Gradually he made headway. Some doctors began to send children with the ever-present "meat throw" to him for specialist treatment.

Very few paid him fees. He even had to spend valuable time begging free hospital beds for them. His principal reward, however, was the knowledge that hundreds of poor, suffering little bodies were being returned to health.

With the photos about local operations taken—in Pittsburgh at least, Chevalier Jackson turned to the removal of foreign bodies from the food and air passages.

Sleeping and eating in his office in the Pittsburgh slum, he first set to work to build an esophagoscope. Crude forms of such an instrument to remove objects from the gullet were already in use. But they were hardly any safer than ordinary surgery through the patient's neck, in which about 85 per cent of the cases died.

After months of experimentation, Chevalier Jackson succeeded in contriving an apparatus which he was satisfied would do the job. Unhappily he set back to await the first patient on whom he could use it.

Eventually there came a day when a distraught mother rushed in with a child who had swallowed a dime.

Eagerly Chevalier Jackson produced his shiny new esophagoscope.

After a few seconds' manipulation the coin was extracted.

Gradually news of Chevalier Jackson's success with his esophagoscope spread throughout members of pediatric circles to appear, and also doctors who wished to copy the instrument for their own use.

Jackson had no objection. During his whole career, he has never patented one of the devices of internal probing and exploratory devices he invented. But he had not realized that others did not have the inherent skill present in his hands.

Generally, when other doctors tried to use the esophagoscope they had had the instrument makers manufacture for them, they failed to recover the objects, made their patients worse and had to rush them to Pittsburgh for Dr. Jackson's personal attention. As a result, in addition to his own rapidly growing work, Chevalier Jackson had to undertake teaching in the use of the esophagoscope.

One of the most important uses of the esophagoscope at that time was in overcoming stricture of the gullet caused by children swallowing live or caustic. Then as far greater and thus now, for home-made soap-making these chemicals caused many such accidents. To Chevalier Jackson's clinic were brought hundreds of emaciated children. They were generally half-dead, through inability to swallow food or water because of the stricture of the gullet.

His first such case came some 50 years ago. A seven-year-old girl was brought to him by two social workers. She had been trying preciously for weeks. Her mother, who was dying of pneumonia, was unable to help her. They had given her water, but she could not

swallow it back into the tank a cup, she choked it up again through her mouth and nose.

Gently Chevalier Jackson put his laryngoscope down between her scratched lips. The gullet was tightly closed, but he managed to dilate a small opening.

The instrument was removed, and the child handed a glass of water. She wanted it, but was frightened it would again painfully choke her. But, under Dr. Jackson's kindly urging, she took a mouthful and swallowed. Slowly it went down her burning throat, and it did not come up again. Quickly she drank again and again.

"Then," Chevalier Jackson said, "she smiled, pushed away the glass of water, took hold of my other hand and kissed it. No money could give satisfaction equal to that—the thanks of a grateful child whose swallowing was restored after a week of water starvation."

In 1894, with the laryngoscope perfected, Dr. Jackson turned to the devising of a far more complicated instrument. It is the bronchoscope, designed to reach, not into the tongue tube that is the esophagus, but into the delicate, moving, breathing windpipe.

The eventual building of a precision bronchoscope took him years of patient work. But even then his job was not finished; he had to teach himself, and other medical men from all over the world, how to use it.

Chevalier Jackson began the thousands of experiments on anesthetized dogs that he considered were essential before he was skillful enough to insert the bronchoscope into a living human lung.

Humanes scientists criticized the use of dogs. But Dr. Jackson took such care that he was able to prove that in not one case did a dog die

at his hands, or even suffer injury. "And," as he pointed out, "through their use innumerable thousands of babies' lives have been, and will be, saved."

At last in 1911, came the chance to prove the value of his instrument. A 15-years-old boy, son of wealthy parents, swallowed a steel pin, which lodged in his lung. His father took him to a dozen leading surgeons around the country. They shook their heads and prophesied gloomily, "He's a dead boy."

Then came Professor Chevalier de Costa, considered one of the greatest surgeons of the day, offered a ray of hope. An omelet, he said it would be useless to operate. "But," he added, "you take him to Dr. Chevalier Jackson in Philadelphia. I think he can remove that pin with his new bronchoscope, and he won't hurt the boy either."

De Costa was right. The pin was removed without trouble. The faith of the medical world in the bronchoscope and Chevalier Jackson began to grow.

In 1913, he accepted an offer from the University of Philadelphia to move his clinic there. It is still in operation there today, under the direction of his son. Hundreds of doctors flock there yearly, to learn the intricate manipulation of the bronchoscope.

Despite plans to slow down, Chevalier Jackson himself talked as unrelentingly as ever until recently.

"Dr. Jackson," a reporter said to him, in his 89th, "you don't smoke, drink, dance, eat, sleep, what, fish, hunt, play golf, cards, or any other game, go to sports matches, plays, picture theatres or concerts. What do you do with your spare time?"

The old man looked at him then smiled and turned back into his office. "Young fellows," he said, "I have no spare time."

BULLETS WITH BALLOTS

FRED SIMS

THE OLD MAN shifted the tobacco weed from one side of his mouth to the other, squinted as though he were sighting a rifle and carefully spit at a fly in the dust. Having noted with satisfaction that he had stored a direct hit, he spat it up and said: "Not bad for

W. Baida had more than to my attention that his ability to squirt tobacco juice. He is the old survivor of a skirmish in Kansas in the late 1850's. Back in those days the citizens of the new-born settlements of Cameron and Ingalls, Gray County, were waging war,



Baida was a survivor in U.S.A. and the sole survivor of one here told of a skirmish in Kansas.

an old-timer, eh? And I'm ninety, you know."

"Perhaps you're better than most at punning then," I said, "because you've had more practice; you've been around longer."

He crossed back cracked into a grin. Old people like you to marvel at their capabilities in their old age—even if it is in such fields as spitting on flies. That old George

political and physical, to have their respective towns designated as the county seat. It was for this reason that I tracked him down. I wanted his story. And this is how he told it.

When Governor Martin ordered an election to be held in the autumn of 1858 for the permanent county seat of Gray County and the naming of all county officers,

things began to get hot. If any one went to Cimarron from Ingalls, he got beat up and ordered out of town, and if he put up a scrap he was liable to get shot. The Ingalls people thought different and placed a large sign at the edge of the town, saying, in bold letters, "Everybody welcome to Ingalls, the future country seat of Gray County."

Two weeks before election day a committee came to Ingalls from Cimarron, carrying a white flag, which was unnecessary, and held a meeting with some of the Ingalls citizens. They wanted a rep from Ingalls to be at their voting place on election day. They said they would send someone to Ingalls from Cimarron. The object was to see that the election was square and held according to law.

By my being a large land owner in the county and a booster for Ingalls, I became the root and was selected to go to Cimarron on election day and supervise the voting as rep from Ingalls, as per agreement. When I was ready to leave for Cimarron I had my gun on the back.

A man said, "George, here is your gun."

"I know," I replied, "but I'm going to a den of snakes and if not armed I may not get shot." The penalty in those days for shooting an unarmed man was hanging.

When I arrived at the voting place I showed them my credentials. They tore them up and said, "Get out. We sent no one to Ingalls, and you are not going to witness our voting."

I tried to argue with them, of very little avail. When I would not leave they took the ballot box and records and went to a building next door, and I went along.

I informed them it was not legal to vote there, and they went back

to the place where the voting would be legal. I went too, but was sure to have someone before and behind me for fear of being shot.

When in the proper voting place Bob McCann said, "George, you lived with us for some time. You are a rose chap, but you must leave this place or you might have a slight accident."

I said, "I'm staying." They all took the ballot box and left for the next building, but I stayed.

Soon I heard something hit the tin roof like a rock. Then I heard the report of a rifle. I looked across the street and upstairs in the building saw two fellows with smoking rifles in their hands in the windows.

They kept up this shooting. I looked for a gun but all I found were the tickets they were going to use for voting.

I continued them in my everlastin' pockets and was sure they were using to stuff the ballot box regardless of all agreements. I called to them and said, "If you'll let Jim Sheep go with me to the town, which is now due, I'll go home and you can do your dirty work."

John came after me and when we were in front of them I picked John's satchel from his holster and said, "If you all want John to live, just stand where you are and not shoot me in the back, and after I get on the train you can begin your dirty work."

I walked to the station with the gun in John's back and all the time I was staking. Suppose someone let me have it in the back? Maybe they would take a chance on such a shot not allowing me time to pull the trigger of the gun I had aimed at John.

I wondered whether, if they did shoot me, the referee would pull the trigger of my gun. Per-



surely I did not like the setup at all, and one thing was for sure — I would not have killed Jake.

It seemed like miles to the station, but we made it all right and no interference. Then we sat and waited for the train. It seemed to take forever to get there.

When the train pulled in I thought 10 years before I got under way. I handed Jake his suitcase and said, "Jake, I was bluffing."

"I know it," he replied.

Soon as the train was out of town I opened a window and let the bullets flutter out along the track and went home to make my report.

When the voting was over the Cimarron precinct polled almost as many votes as there was in the whole county. The election held in the courts and Ingalls won all the rounds, and it finally landed in the supreme court of the state. I thought that a good time to go back east and visit my folks. I'd been in so many scraps that I was sure my kids was not even worth a Miss Pease.

I'd only been home a short time when I received a message:

Come at once. Important. Bill Tighman.

Tighman was acting sheriff as Joe Reynolds was laid up with a bad case of lead poison, common in that country.

When I arrived back in Ingalls, Bill Tighman was at the train and said, "The Supreme Court has decided Ingalls the permanent county seat and all the county offices elected. I have deputized you, Billy Allenworth, Fred Singer, Ned Brown, Jim and Tom Masterson, Ed Brooks and we are leaving in the morning for Cimarron after the county records."

"That's a hell of a note. Calling me back here to get shot," I

said. I guess I felt a bit wary.

"There will be no shooting, as there is the law," he said.

"Law, hell," said I. "They don't know my law. You remember them shooting me out of the election booth. They will fight and I am not going."

He looked at me a moment, then said, "The wagon will leave here in the morning at nine," and walked away.

I was there to join the gang the next morning, but I was sure some of us would not return alive. We all had our instructions and the main one was not to shoot unless in self - defense.

On that fateful morning of January 12, 1892 the wagon pulled up in front of the building where the records were held. Tighman with two deputies stayed below and the rest went upstairs for the records. The clerk pulled a gun, but was discovered by Jim Masterson. We began carrying the records down to the wagon where Tighman said to me, "Hurry them up, as I am sure trouble is coming."

Just then some fellow down by the depot cranked a dynamite in the air and the place soon became alive. The Cimarron people were converging in the street. All hell broke loose and the shooting began. When I stepped from the building with the last load of books a load of buckshot hit the brick wall just where my head had been, throwing brick dust all over me. I threw the records in the wagon and grabbed a Winchester rifle.

Just then Bill yelled to me, "Look out George! See that fellow across the street with a Winchester!"

I looked that way and saw him fall and knew he was out of the fight. There were at least seventy-

five shooting at us from all points and some of the boldest came out in the streets. Bill ordered us to shoot us front of them to hold them back, but nothing could stop them, as they were out to kill, but was so excited they were not doing much damage.

Then a bullet struck the driver of the wagon in the hip, and knocked one of the horses and the team started to run away.

Bill ordered us to fall back to wards the surrounding canal and shoot in front to hold them back. On the way something hit me in the leg. I was sure a bullet had struck me. Soon I was hit in the leg again and down I went and was sure my leg was shot off. I got up and, using the Winchester as a crutch, started on, and then I was hit in the back of the head and down I went again.

I finally got up and hobbled to the back of the canal and landed in the ditch. I turned the Winchester on Charley Dixon who I saw and pulled the trigger.

The barrel was full of dirt and the damn thing blew up, knocking me back down in the canal.

The next thing I knew was when Tighman and Brown threw me in the wagon which had stopped nearby.

We now had what we came after, and started towards Ingalls. The Cimarron people were still following and shooting at us from wagons, some on horses and most of them were on foot, but were careful not to get too close. It was a running fight for a mile or more. We were shooting to keep them back and they were shooting to kill, if possible.

They finally gave up and we stopped to take stock of the wound-

London, noted for its newspaper boys, was in the grip of one of its damnest one day during the war when an Australian soldier disembarked in the mother city. Mindfully he groped his way along the docks. Looking up at the great beams of balloons which dimly could be discerned hovering over the city, the Digger shrieked: "Why don't they cut 'em loose and let the place sink!"

ed. The driver was shot through the fleshy part of the hip, and bleeding badly. Ed Brooks was shot through the side and had pained out. I was hit twice in the leg and once in the back of the head. Blood was all over. The rest had minor wounds.

Finally we all got over our wounds and none of us was killed. The Cimarron people had some killed and a lot wounded. The Cimarron people wired the governor for troops to bring order. They arrived on a special train the next morning and soon had order restored in Cimarron.

This battle between some deputies and the people of Cimarron was the worst of all the county seat battles in the west, and the last. I am the only living survivor of that fight and feel so good that it seems only two years past when we had that trouble.

A trick saved a champion's title when he was out on his feet. Three seconds later one punch won the fight for the champ.



A TRICK SAVED HIS TITLE

EAT MITCHELL

THE POLICE INSPECTOR leaned forward to rap the canvas with his baton. The champion was in a bad way and the inspector's action was a prelude to recommending the referee to stop the fight. But the third man in the ring did not see the inspector, and he certainly did not hear him, as the stadium was in uproar. Then the bell sounded to end the round and the inspector sat back to see what would happen on the next round, at the same time keeping a wary eye directed towards the champion's corner.

Between the inspector's action and the bell, there happened an incident which altered the whole tenor of the fight and changed the result. It was an accident which was born in the minds of two subtle and veteran seconds and enacted almost as soon as it was born. And the outcome of those seconds stayed the hand of the referee, who was about to wave the fighters together. For just two seconds the astute referee hesitated, but those two seconds brought the end of the round so close that the challenger could not capitalize on the situation.

That was not the only sensation in this fight—the climax was even more sensational, with a dramatic out-punch knocked by the champion, when he, himself, was out on his feet.

In the history of boxing there have been many fights which have been won by one punch, but none

was ever more dramatic than Kevin Delaney's win over Mickey Tolla. It was December 12, 1929, and Kevin Delaney, who had taken the Australian welterweight championship from a little Tommy Burns in July the same year, in what was Burns' worst performance in a star-studded career of great fights, moved to the ring at Sydney Stadium to defend his title against Mickey Tolla, a good boxer-fighter, who had fought two great battles with Burns and who had defeated Delaney in a non-title tilt 30 days earlier.

Delaney was not a popular champion, owing to his negative run-away tactics.

With Mickey's close and good fight against the great Vic Patrick and Tommy Burns, plus his football, willing style of fighting, fans wanted Tolla to win. He would be a popular champion.

A large crowd turned up to watch the crowning of a new champion.

Grand Bill Hornsberry was the referee, Ambrose Palmer, manager, trainer of Tolla, was Mickey's third second, Jim Jamieson, manager-trainer of Delaney, was the champion's chief second. With Jamieson was Ike Harvey, the cornerman who saved Delaney's title.

The fight was a good one—for better than the fans expected—and it developed into the fight of the year. The pace was fast from the opening going, with the champion snatching the major points with smart boxing. Tolla warmed up in the second to even the points of the round, and at the end of the third the points of the fight were even.

The fourth round was a thriller, with Tolla concentrating his punches to the head and Delaney working to the body. But from the fifth onward, Mickey

gained the ascendancy. He punished Delaney and Kevin reverted to his run-away style. In the seventh round the crowd jeered Delaney for his run-away tactics and began acclaiming Tolla as the new champion.

Electricity was in the air as the 8th round started. It was as though the crowd expected thrills, maybe it was born from the fact that Delaney was weakening and Tolla was strong and aggressive. But no matter what thrills they expected, the fans could not guess what would happen.

Mickey charged in and belaboured Delaney with an array of punches to head and body. Delaney backed-peddled; Tolla chased him and Delaney actually ran. But Tolla kept on top of the champion, raining blows everywhere where there were openings.

Desperately Kevin turned back to face the onslaught; to fight back and maybe force his tormentor to backpedal.

It was his undoing. A left hook sent Delaney sprawling on the canvas. He took a six count; he rose a little dazed and Tolla was on top of him, his gloves spitting dynamite. Mick used every punch and combination in his kit. Down went Delaney again.

Delaney took a long count, but not because his seconds shouted for him to do so—he had no idea what had been said or what motions his seconds had made. All Kevin knew was what was in his subconscious brain: "Have to get up—have to—have to carry on with the fight. Fight! Yes, that's right. I'm in a fight . . . I'm the champion . . . A champion should go out fighting; he must fight while ever a muscle will work."

Warily, Delaney allowed those thoughts to seep through his brain,

surely he put his gloves on the canvas and, using what strength he had left, he forced upward, at the same time pressing his legs to take the weight.

Then Jamieson and Harvey acted. 26 seconds remained to the end of the round when Delaney hit the canvas. That means that 12 seconds remained when he regained his feet—enough time to take a knockout count. Quickly they scrambled on to the apron of the ring, making sure they did not bring disqualification on their fighter by entering that quarter circle. Jamieson had a towel in one hand and the stool was swung in for Delaney to sit on. Harvey called to the champion and Kavan moved back to sit down. Suddenly—only Harvey reached forward, making to touch Delaney and guide him to the seat.

Referee Henneberry noted all the action in a sweeping glance. He leaped forward, shouting, "Are you throwing in the towel?" and paused as though to go back and crown Tolla winner by knockout. But Jamieson and Harvey shouted back, "No! No! The bell has gone."

The Police Inspector, who had leaped forward to instruct Henneberry to halt the fight, paused as he saw what was going on. Henneberry himself woke to the trick. The whole action had taken only a couple of seconds and the quick-witted Henneberry did not ask any explanation, but waved the fighters to box on.

But those two seconds had brought the end of the round closer; more, the accident had upset Tolla's campaign. The bell sounded before any dangerous blows were struck.

Had the seconds actually helped Delaney in his corner, the referee could have disqualified the cham-

pion, if he had so desired, but although their actions were a help, they had not actually set the champion on the stool.

Jamieson and Harvey said later that they had matched the knock-down bell, which tolls off the seconds while a count is in progress, for the bell to end the round. A likely story that was, the knock-down bell has a small, high-pitched peep, the round bell is long and vibrant.

Desperately Delaney's seconds worked over him in the minute's spell, and they sent him out for the ninth. Delaney was still dazed, but Tolla did not go in for the vital hit that round, he appeared to be taking things easy. Perhaps his mental attitude has been upset by the 16th round incident. Although he swung punches on Delaney in the ninth and tenth rounds, which he won clearly, his blows seemed to lack sting.

But, in the eleventh round, Tolla went into the attack with more nerve and Delaney, who had taught it a lesson for three rounds, was seen in a bad way. The Police Inspector leaped forward, watching Delaney keenly. Then suddenly Delaney swung up a punch from down away his knees. It connected with Tolla's jaw and knocked him on to the seat of his pants.

Upstart! Here was Delaney, out on his feet, swaying on the ropes like a tree which needed one more blow from the axe before falling, scoring with a punch which immediately put Tolla in queer street. And Tolla was in queer street.

Scarcely he staggered upright at the count of three and lurched to the ropes where he propped himself, legs spread wide, while he endeavored to raise his hands.

Delaney was not sure where Tol-

la was and he turned around slowly, looking him. Then, sighting him clearly, he came in and landed punches on the defenseless challenger. Only one punch in three landed and they were hardly laden with dynamite, but Tolla was in a bad way. The Police Inspector notified Henneberry to stop the fight. He did so, crowning Delaney winner by knockout.

It was nine months before Tolla got another chance and then time he made no mistake, he knocked out Delaney in 12 rounds. He went on to dispose Charlie Williams in one of the most thrilling and tactical fights seen at Sydney Stadium.

he gave us more good fights. And his last fight was against Tommy Burns when Tommy made a comeback in October, 1931. Burns knocked out Tolla in eight rounds.

Delaney? He retired after his K.O. loss to Tolla, but made a comeback in 1933. He was killed in three bouts by Alvin Sando, he again being up his gloves.

Delaney was not a popular champion, but he did have one moment of glory and thus enters ring history as a classic example of a champion swung his crown when on the brink of defeat—saving it by one devastating punch, and because of the swift thinking of his seconds.



"I told you it was only your imagination."

Patterns of Pulchritude

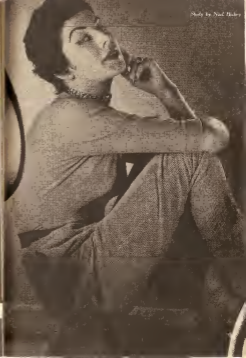
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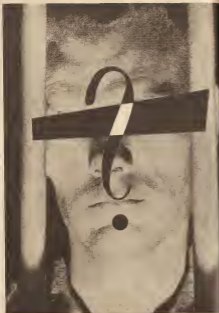
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classical MOIRA SHEARER



study by Neal Bailey



IS YOUR SON A GAOLBIRD

* This is a collection of informed opinions; the views expressed are authentic but are not necessarily those of CAVALCADE — Editor.

BROWNING THOMPSON

[IN AN AMERICAN senior grade school, teachers feel your reported that they want in fear of their safety, if not their lives.

The threat came from teen-age boys who took physical retaliation for any interference with their "liberty."

The "liberties" these boys sought to preserve were smoking on the school premises, drinking alcohol in class roommen, and petting with girl scholars in the corridors.

An attractive female teacher was propositioned by a male teen-age pupil, and a male teacher who spoke to the boy after she had complained, was beaten about by the boy, a precocious physique type.

Attempts to curb this type of behaviour in the school led to male teachers being beaten up both on

and off the school premises, and to school premises being damaged in an attempt to intimidate the school authorities.

The schoolboys became a police matter.

Unhappily this was not a unique instance of the situation which is of world importance today, the situation where the child is the criminal.

The development is widespread, and it is impossible to view it with complacency as something that happened in America, with the old-time outlook that everything happens there, anyway.

In New Zealand within recent months there has been a major disturbance because some gang teenagers of both sexes, in one organized group, were indulging in a life of degeneracy which surprised and horrified their more hardened seniors. One police officer said: "I have never seen anything like it in a life devoted to committing vice and crime."

Almost simultaneously another group of organized criminals was discovered in Australia, in Adelaide. These teen-age boys and girls dangled in abandoned and depraved practices which were of the most world nature.

In Sydney it was discovered that a juvenile group was thoroughly organized with initiation rites and qualifications for which "immoral" was not a strong enough word.

In Sydney repeated acts of physical assault were perpetrated by boys not yet twenty. They were of a various nature, including the knocking about of a returned soldier by fellow teen-agers, an attempted criminal assault on a married woman in a good class residential area, and the robbery of a

helpless old woman in her home. Teen-age boys were held in number and equally serious charges.

A similar position in Peru certainly exists today—there seems to be some explanation as to how it came about. The "toughy" Peru of the popular novel is not an indication of French normal life. Before the war the veteran French home was a place of thrift, honesty, hard work and the strict discipline of children. Boys at the age of eighteen were called for compulsory military training that knocked the morose out of them and stabilized them as good citizens with a good sense of values. In those days France was the scene of some needed crimes—but children were not the criminals.

During the war boys of sixteen were forced conscripts for the German army; boys no older voluntarily joined the marines and, at an age when they should have been at school, were trained guerrilla soldiers, hardened to killing.

In their thencey life their moral code was upset, and if they made unusual demands on their girls, and the girls bestowed unusual favours on these boy-men-soldiers, it was in an abnormal, crazy world.

In the immediate post-war, these youths found themselves in a world of shortage and insecurity — and they found uncertainty in their leaders, both in their Parliamentary leaders, who were unable to stabilize a Government, and in leaders of thought like Barin, who gave them the Easternist philosophy that nothing matters except what you're doing at the moment. They went on the left because they had neither guidance nor leadership.

Similar situations occurred in Britain, where a bewildered, bombed-out generation threw up its child criminals—but there the movement

was very slight, because there was more certainty, more joy in victory, and more organized determination to recover an honoured position in the world.

The German youth was exemplified in a classic post-war novel ("Der Da Wartet" "Do You Know Why?"), by Dietrich, which traced the result of Nazism.

There was no secret, during the rise of Nazism, about the destruction of moral values. Christianity was abolished as a crime, or as an offense, and in his greed for a generation of common-folks Hitler betrayed both the diabolicals and the meek who have it, and he is done, understood even and casual

universally between the years. The "Through Through Joy" movies which were organized for Hitler youth were openly admitted to be copied, the youth hards which grew up through Germany were admitted houses of immorality, and the outlook of an entire German generation was from childhood, one of libertinism.

In these places, where the open, its immoral practices were encouraged or compromised, some love of democracy was drawn. There were decent people who organized a solid body of resistance, crimes who became aware of the dangers took measures to counteract them, and to safeguard their own families.



"... visiting hours are over ... visiting hours are over ... VISITING ..."

But such has been the liberty of American and Australian consciences, that every time the wrongful behaviour of a teen-ager is revealed, it comes as a surprise to the people most intimately concerned. The people really shocked are the complacent parents of the wrongdoers, who have never felt that newspaper reports of similar damage in other places were real, or could apply to them.

There is a corrective institution for teen-age boys where there were some three ago, just over 100 boys. Each of these boys would have been in good but for the fact that he was under sixteen years of age. His youth, and not the nature of his crimes, kept him in "lockup" instead of "jail", in charge of an "officer", rather than a "warden".

These boys were not the drugs of the slums. On one visiting day, to visit two hundred boys, there were 150 motor cars, and as only members of the family were allowed to visit the boys, it could be taken to mean that 50 per cent. of the boys came from a home that was well enough off to have a car.

Thus in itself should be one of the most complacency-poking facts that could be brought to light. This meant that there was not generally, the social background of slum vice and poverty and want to the delinquency of the boys in that home. Boys whose crimes merited a good sentence did not get because they lived in want.

It would be wise to think that as a result of their early corrective treatment these boys, coming from good homes, would return to the world as reformed characters, but a high percentage of them return to the world to carry on where their arrest interrupted them.

A boy of seventeen in this place was wanted—under the rules that

only relatives could be visitors—by an aunt. The aunt was the kind of relative anybody would like: a limousine, lovely-looking teen-age girl. She took her "nephew" for a long walk in the bushland with the avowed purpose of having a talk with him.

There were reasonable grounds for believing that the long walk wasn't confined to a heart-to-heart chat about being a better boy in future. There were reasonable grounds for believing that the girl was not, in fact, a relative at all. But the fiction was worked at because she was about the only person likely to have any softening influence on a young but already hardened character.

To enforce the fact that this is a "lockup" and not a "jail" the "officers" are not permitted to use physical violence on the boys in their charge, except to save their lives.

The possibility is admitted that their lives could be endangered by some of their teen-age charges, and the position has arisen where a boy has attacked his officer-in-charge with a pair of teen-by-two hardwood, knowing that he is reasonably safe from anything but the loss of privileges and a prolonged sentence, as punishment for the assault.

The attitude adopted towards these teen-age criminals is one of the greatest understanding. They receive the most humane and encouraging treatment. But very often they deserve kindness for weakness, because kindness has ceased to appeal to them. Humane treatment is regarded as opening the way for more and more misadventures, the consequences of which will be slight.

It is impossible to get away from



The boy knew a good deal of stuff which seemed useful and necessary to a child. He knew it from what he overheard from guests at his father's parties.

the routine of crime and consequence, even in the name of kindness, even dealing with teen-age offenders. Their attitude, and the nature of their crimes, today makes the word "delinquency" a misnomer, a soft-soap word which only reveals the true character of their behaviour. They are not delinquents—they are criminals.

The detectives attached to a Sydney suburban police station have a routine which should have a very disturbing effect on the community, they investigate pilfering by starting at the local high school. They feel their best chance of cleaning up a robbery quickly is to go through the school-boys who have already some reputation for petty thieving.

In this same area the manager of a chain store told the writer that he had a steady loss of counter goods from schoolboys who

came through the store on their way home from school and pilfer small items. Occasionally boys are caught and warned, and some are found to be repeated offenders, and their parents are called into the store for interview. The position still reached the stage where police action had to be sought.

A pattern of juvenile law-breaking seemed to be established in the district—and it was, again, not a slum area, but a good-class residential suburb.

A plainclothes policeman who worked through that district found one of the big drawbacks to getting crime cleaned up at its source. It is insisted in this case—not a rare one.

A girl on her way home from high school had accepted a ride in a tradesman's wagon, a motor wagon. She knew the driver of the wagon, and had apparently

agreed to accompany him on a jaunt. It was almost dark when she arrived home at ten. She told the usual story about the driver of the wagon, and her parents immediately called the police.

The plainclothes men arrived and heard the story. There was no doubt about the identification of the guilty man; but there was some doubt as to whether the girl had consented to what took place, and had afterwards overplanned out of fear. A search was made of the area, the man was found seated in the wagon. There were empty bottles about.

The man was found to be just old enough to have a driver's license for the work he was doing—he was still well under 21.

He alleged that the girl had been a willing party to the "party". He also admitted that he knew the girl's age.

At this stage everything was set for his arrest—but the parents of the girl threw a spanner into the works. Having recovered from the first shock of what took place, they were already away they had called the police. When they thought of what would come next, they were horrified. Their "dirty linen" would be aired in public if the case went to court.

So they refused to prefer a charge against the youth who was responsible for the episode. They also made it fairly plain that if there was a police charge involved, their evidence would not contain anything that would be detrimental to their reputation in the district.

In short, whatever damage had been done had to be brushed up, at any cost.

Nobody wants bad publicity—a most obvious—that is certain.

among his neighbours. Nobody wants that kind of episode aired publicly. But the principle of keeping it quiet at any cost, is dangerous in the extreme.

It is dangerous because the youth in the case, knowing that he has broken the law in the most serious way, and has escaped the consequences, is in no way deterred.

He has some grounds for taking the attitude, in future, that he can do what he likes, within reason, because, "they're frightened to speak". The attitude is tantamount to telling him that he is going to escape the consequences of his action. In other words, he has no deterrent.

One of the police associated with the case told me he felt like giving me a good hiding.

"It was the only way left of punishing him," he said, "and anybody who knew the facts of the case would have endorsed such an action. But—as there was no charge, no support for the fact he had done wrong, he would probably have been tough enough to run for months. And had there been a charge such a course as giving him a thrashing would have been unnecessary. So the position was that the only punishment he could have had would have amounted to a 'police beating'—and he knew we weren't prepared to risk that. What will he do next time?"

That last question is one that is never out of the minds of people who have come up against that problem. Helplessly faced with somebody doing wrong and getting away with it, they can only wonder what the next offence will be.

Because, in that case, there will be a next offence—that is certain.

wrong are done by the young criminal before he is brought to book for one. Many offences are permanently undetected.

A knock proprietor called up the police headquarters one day, and asked what could be done about some indecent photographs which had been left for a same-day-service development.

The story was that the rolls of film left for development had been forwarded in bulk to the photographer, who had processed them. When they were inspected they were found to contain one roll of film which showed a sharp article of breast.

The roll was returned, with negatives and prints to the knock agent, with a complaint drawing her attention to it. That was the first she

knew about the trouble, and her first action was to call the police.

A police officer visited the knock and suggested the negatives and prints which had been held there. He, too, drew his breath in sharp gasps.

But though the prints were grossly indecent, and the photographer was liable to punishment, every caution had to be observed, for where the law sometimes seems to be hard on the innocent, it nevertheless gives the unconcerned benefit of every doubt. Supposing that the person in whose name the prints were left was a messenger unaware of their contents? Suppose he had no knowledge? Suppose that a false name had been given?

The police officer arranged a signal with the knock proprietress



"May I ask who gave you permission to install a half-suit here on my car?"

and walked across the road. Finally he received the signal. He walked over to the black. He went up to the young man, the girl undressed and asked if he might see the photographs which had just been collected.

The young man was a teenager who became very flustered and denied that he knew anything about them. He handed them over to the police officer, who showed them to him. There could be no further denial then, because the young fellow who denied that he knew anything about the photographs was easily identified with the man in the pictures.

He was taken to the police station and the police talked over with him the whole thing.

Some unfortunate facts came out. The first was that the photographs had been taken in a public park among some trees. The second was that they had been taken by a teen-age girl. The third was that when she finished taking photographs of him he took some of her. The fourth was that as the photographs had not been published or offered for sale he had let himself in for no more than an offensive rap.

The fact remained that, whatever the law could strictly do to him a clear picture of depravity had been exposed—one in which the very appearance of these young people before a member of the opposite sex in this condition constituted a grave occurrence, one in which the desire to have and see these unwary pictures indicated a diseased state of immature mind; one in which both parties went, at some stage, fell into further depravity and had themselves in much deeper trouble.

"What I am concerned about," the police officer said, "is that even if this is a youthful indiscretion, it is of such a nature as to cause the gravest alarm. What kind of future those young people can have I can only imagine—and what I imagine fills me with dread."

Because the officers who deal with these cases know that whatever happens in the punishment for the offense—the offense will occur again, and may be worse next time. They can see the slide to disaster—and have no authority to stop it beyond punishing the offense which is detected.

There was a notorious case a few years ago, in which a son killed his father. The son had a criminal record of "wrong-doing" which was known to his associates, but not to his parents or to the police.

The beginning of his capital crime was when his father remonstrated with him for his behavior. The remonstrance was started too late. For a long time he had "got away with it", until he felt nothing but resentment at his father's attempt to exert authority. The blow that turned out to be murder was his final rebellion—he had established a pattern of rebellion in his mind, had satisfied himself that he could do as he liked. Any attempt to curb his unrestrained behaviour was to be swept aside. The final act was his father's death. The law came in then. His sentencing was a ride out — and the law.

Students of history can go back to the bloody days of Rome where a good deal of brutality was practiced by old and young, to put it mildly; but they can remember that the worst degree of murder in the whole crime calendar was

the murder of a relative, and the worst murder of a relative was murder of a father. Even in Rome's degenerate days, parricide, or father murder, was horrifying, degenerate never led to that moral state being lost in Rome's decadence, or mother murder, was again a heinous form even of murder. The basis for these crimes being so reprehensible was not simply the value of human life, for in Rome human life was cheap. The essence of these terrible crimes was the failure to honour the parents — and rebellion against parents. The Romans did not know the Jewish commandment, "Honor thy father and thy mother", but they were fanatically in favour of the principle.

In modern civilization that commandment is known as a Christian order—but the observance of it is held cheaply, and for that reason alone, a multitude of crimes are committed.

This situation is complex, and not easily sorted out. It goes back as far as the verse saying that "if you give me a child until he is seven, you can do as you like with him; you will never change him."

The damage is not done when a boy meets with the cross-current influence of school days and his first opportunities to be away from surveillance. By the time he meets with bad influences, the child is either old enough to resist a wrong idea, or has drifted to the stage where he is open to influence.

The psychologists — who, these days, are taking this matter extremely seriously — are forced to the conclusion that normally a child accepts a suggestion where he lacks guidance or knowledge.

A child who is invited to sit

on a chair may be guided by the fact that he already knows that to be "wrong", and therefore will not do it or will agree to the suggestion because he has nothing in mind that prevents it. It is not enough to entice the child on the basis that "he knows it is wrong". They have turned up one other case where, in regard to simple wrong-doing, the young child has no guidance, no convictions, and is open to any suggestion made. He has not been taught right from wrong.

The psychologists are thorough in their systematic shattering of parental illusions.

Elizabeth Harlock asked a young schoolchild, "Do you love your father?"

"Yes," he said.

"Is there anything you dislike about him?"

"Yes, he doesn't mean what he says."

"How do you think that?" she asked.

"Well, he says he'll buy me a football—but he never does."

Father was a business man. He had a lot of things on his mind. He had his home worries and his business worries. He had a lot of details to sort out. He sorted them out very well, too; he was a success. You couldn't blame him for not remembering to call in and buy a football.

Because he failed to buy a football, he was the man who didn't mean what he said.

He could have given his wife the money for a football, and all would have been well. Or he could have said that he wouldn't buy a

football, and all would have been well.

Is it the easy-come-easy-go atmosphere of a home whose money doesn't seem to matter much that does the damage? But he said he would buy a football, — and didn't do it.

How could that man, later, blame the boy for not trusting him, or not believing him?

He laid the foundations for mistrust in his son. And this weakened the value of other things he said.

Little damage is done in homes

where children are deprived of things through poor circumstances. It is not true that a child will steal because his parents haven't "spending money." There is no bad effect in the life of the boy who says, "Will you buy me a football?" and meets with the answer, "I'd like to, son, but I haven't the money."

Children of these homes do not break out on money and wild shops to take what they want. They learn to do without, and their entire instinct is to go out and work for what they want—to earn it. They see their fathers work-



"Ed, this is the boy's son . . . I want you to give him all the cooperation you can."



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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

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ing hard, yet saving up to buy a green spade, or openly saying: 'Next week we'll buy some spades when I have a few shillings,' and their pattern is imitative. They also are prepared to work and save up to buy what they want.

That does not mean that a child comfortably brought up has to be a weakling; it is not a degree of richness or poverty which bends the young mind to shape; it is the values inculcated from those themes.

A brilliant student who was the son of a wealthy family, was investigated by psychologists. They discovered that his parents' attitude to their possessions was sound. They were grateful for their comfortable circumstances—they impressed on the boy that these were the reward of work, which is the only way to success.

They gave him to understand the meaning of responsibility, and he appreciated that to him their money meant educational opportunities denied other boys. He appreciated, too, that given that opportunity, he had to work to gain for himself similar advantages. Not recently, his father had time for him.

This writer recently came upon a case where a father, in a relatively poor house, admitted that he had no time now for his teenage son. He was busy, he worked week-ends sometimes to make extra money to buy little comforts for the house. He figured that doing that was good, which it was. He also reserved to himself the right to play golf on Sunday, and on Sunday the boy had nothing to do. He roamed with other boys of his age and got into trouble.

A children's court adviser said, "Your only crime is that you

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don't take time off to speak to your son, to be interested in him, and to give him a place in the home. He got that way through not being wanted."

"Merely I'm entitled to my grief," the father said.

"Do you have a caddy?"

He laughed. "I can't afford to pay a caddy."

"Why don't you ask your boy to caddy for you?" the court editor asked.

"I'd never thought of it," the father said, "but it's a good idea."

There isn't any record of whether he did, in fact, put the idea to work. It was a sound thought. He could put it to work and meet with employees, at this stage, because he had left his son too late.

Even then it would be wrong to say the boy simply refused to conform to his father's will. He had been left too long to form his own habit patterns. And having formed them, like anybody else in the world, he might resent having them disturbed. He would miss his former activities—he would miss things he had he never should have had. And naming them would make him dissatisfied with his new position.

The case, if it ended in difficulty, would still go back to the days

when the father failed to guide the child—the early days.

There is ample evidence that today there is a big back-bash from the long absence of fathers during the war.

There are the sons of today whose first recollection of their fathers is when they were six or seven or eight years old and a strange man walked into the house. What happened after that depended entirely on how the mother had handled the position in the father's absence, and how he had handled it when he came back.

That phase is past, and it is too late to talk about it. But it still has to be recognized as one factor which is disturbing the youth in today's community. It doesn't make the wrong-doing of the youth any better, but it offers an explanation of why these things go on.

There is the case of a man who heard his son telling another boy an extremely sophisticated off-colour story. He was angry about it, called the boy, asked him where he heard it.

The answer had impact. "I heard some of the people telling it at the party we had the other night, and you laughed," the boy said.

The lad was in bed at the time supposed to be asleep. That he was

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lying awake, shouting the conversation that was going on outside. He knew a good deal of stuff which seemed soiled and unwelcome to a child. He knew it from what he overheard among the adults in the house. He knew it from open discussions in the house of the scandalous things that were going on in the neighbourhood, and his parents weren't taking these scandals very seriously. Why should he?

There was the case of a boy charged with attempting to be friendly with a young girl. He really couldn't see that it was so bad as all that, since his own mother had told him father about a neighbouring row over the husband and housemaid, and they had both laughed.

Finely detailed. Maybe so, to the grown man who has had his illusions slowly stripped from him. But to the impressionable child, there are vivid vignettes of what other people are doing that he is missing out on.

Missing out is right. The first and dominant instinct of the small human is to imitate the larger human. The small boy looks around him, wonders what the world is all about, and quite unconsciously patterns himself on what he sees in his elders. One hopes they are also his betters.

When they are doing things he must not do, he is "imitating out".

He is a great detective, the young boy, and a great adventurer. When he hears of cowboys he wanted to be a cowboy; when he heard about spacemen he wanted to be a space man. He patterns his play on adult activities. As he grows older, he fixes his values and his behaviour and his attitude towards things, on the values and behaviour and attitude of the parent.

He is not thoughtful or reasoning. He expects to have instructions and examples. That last is an arbitrary statement; it is the finding of experts. The child wants to be taught and when he is taught he is self-confident because he knows what is expected and what he should do.

In the absence of instruction, he is uncertain of himself. He is never stuck for an example, because he patterns his behaviour on on what he sees that makes most respect. It ought, of course, to be right conduct at home, but if it is not, then he copies something else.

A survey of child crime in 1960 leads responsible people to state that the basic upset in the minds of the young is what they call "uncertainty" or a feeling of "insecurity".



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Some of the reasons for their failing measure have been revealed by cases quoted in this review. One of them would be that busy parents have no time to devote to them—certainly a child must feel a smidgen in a set-up where he is not important enough to command time, or where a promise made to him (if only the promise of a football) is not kept. Certainly he must feel insecure if he knows that he is punished for saying the same things that his parents say behind his back. He cannot think, reason, understand or sympathise. He must be taught, and what he cannot understand bewilders him.

Zoologists say that many an animal will turn and fight only when it is afraid, when it is cornered, or will pursue and kill only when it is hungry, or to protect its young.

There is a widespread feeling that humans are far removed from animals, sometimes the suggestion seems to be based on nothing more than the fact that animals can't talk.

The deprived human, the hungry, or afraid human, is still the one who turns on society and releases his feelings in the form of crime. There was a rather crude theory that this happened when he was hungry for food or afraid of his life, or of something which threatened him.

There may have been a time when that was true. Today it is certain that his hunger does not have to be for food before he turns against society. There are well-fed stomachs committing crime today because of their hunger for notoriety, for wealth,

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for excitement, and for the importance and security which they should naturally feel but which is not there.

No psychologist's survey ignores the fact that there are anomalies facing any young person. He must accept them, and form an intelligent social attitude towards them.

One of the anomalies is that, well cared for in physical aspects and given adequate money to spend on spare-time pleasures, he is physically right for marriage by the age of sixteen to eighteen, but cannot economically afford marriage for another five to ten years.

During those ten years he is at his most eager and impatient age, he is surrounded by women of his own age and older, who smoke and drink with men, who flirt and talk boldly. At the same time he is free of parental restraint, and he does not take a moral code over-anxious because it is broken every day and nobody seems to get hurt much breaking it. Those who do get hurt he thinks are not smart.

The girl, for her part, flows like youth, his brightness, the amount of money he has to spend, and his robustness and masculinity. She, too, is mature, conscious of her beauty, glad her boyfriend has money to spend on her, and eager to hold his interest. She, too, is

free of parental restraint, though the consequences of moral breaches, being all hers, have a more deterrent effect on her, than on the boy.

But when this boy and girl are together, uncertain of themselves, determined to have the best time they can, self-confident and a little daring—there is not one ingredient missing for a moral calamity.

From that background comes the hedge, the wedge, the youthful criminal who finds, on experience, that what looks like big money is not big enough for all the excitement he and his girlfriend can enjoy — and looks for more, easier, quicker money.

It doesn't solve anything to put him in the children's court and say "He should still be at school." It doesn't help much to talk to him about ambition. He's living in the storm age when his elders and betters add to his feelings of insecurity by estimating how many times the next bomb could wipe out.

The only thing the storm age hasn't given him is a set of values, a code of behaviour, and a belief in the storm-tossed future. It has given him enough money to buy trouble, enough freedom to get into trouble, enough comfort as a boy not to worry about his basic needs as a man, enough temptation to damage most people, but no directive to make him secure in life.

He's been set up for a criminal youth and a useless life.

And all that stands between him and that, is a sane outlook in a balanced home, the feeling

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If you have copies of just one of the 4000 brochures that your national production of musicals made available in 1980, however, it is the only thing that serves the public interest and characteristics of the work.

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of his own importance and rightful place in his own surroundings, and a proper understanding of how to use the advantages he has now to build himself a useful future.

The man who explains to his parents on the right place of drink in his life, who at the right time neither has nor love and when to drink, has done an infinitely better job than the man who tells his son he mustn't drink—then spends Saturday afternoon drinking with the "boys" while his son wonders at his own booze and, feeling that he is less important than the drink he doesn't have.

They say like father, like son, but that isn't quite so. You might say like father like son—only more so. Rewards the five per cent to the son.

As the juvenile criminals swell their ranks on every hand they are a problem not for police or welfare workers in the first instance, but for parents.

In a home where they feel secure, where love and interest in them is shown, where they are taught the values of life, the young people come out to be the next generation of good citizens.

But, deprived of these things, feeling neglected and insecure they come out to reduce the age of criminal violence to a pathetically low figure.

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QUICK TIPS

It takes all types to make a world and one type who is very popular in the dumb blonde. During a conversation with one one night, we mentioned the word "revelation", and you know what our companion said? She said something should be done about champagne—to stop people falling into them!

Which statement made us feel like a friend at his wedding. When asked if he would "take this woman", he said: "I will."

But, to get back to this dumb blonde. She applied for stage work once and the director asked her if she'd ever had stage experience. She told him, "Well, I had my legs in a cast once."

She got a job as a model, but it did not last long. Said she did not have enough to occupy her mind. It appears she only worked when the boss was looking.

This blonde may not have had much made her head, but outside, she was terrific, particularly in a sweater. She told us once that sweater girls make good teachers—they outline things so clearly.

While on vacation, she was at a ball one night and mention was made of wallflowers. Her defini-

tion of a wallflower was a girl who wears a sweater to keep her-self warm.

Which reminds us: we went on a pleasure cruise one time and the last night the passengers were told they to dance. Then we met some real weather. That set the ball rolling!

We took our dumb blonde dancing one night. On the dance floor was a psychiatrist. How did we know he was a psychiatrist? Well, when we entered the dance hall every man turned his head to watch my partner; every man, that is, except the psychiatrist. That is how we know what he was. You see, he watched everybody else.

Mention of psychiatrists brings to mind one we knew. He asked a woman patient to tell him the dream she had the previous night. She told him she had not dreamed at all. "Madam," he thundered, "how do you expect me to help you if you won't do your homework?"

Yes, it takes all types to make a world. Take the month for example. He is a parroted creature. He spends the summer in a fur coat and the winter in a bathing suit.

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